Terrence - Adelphi - 1890.

THE ADELPHI OF TERENCE

THE

ADELPHI OF TERENCE

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF
ST. PETER, WESTMINSTER

TOGETHER WITH THE VERSE TRANSLATION OF GEORGE
COLMAN, THE ELDER, QUEEN'S SCHOLAR
FROM 1746 TO 1751

Westminster
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1890

PERSONAE

MICIO, *senex.*
DEMEA, *senex.*
SANNIO, *mercator musicus.*
ÆSCHINUS, *adolcscens.*
SYRUS, *servos.*
CTESIPHO, *adolescens.*
SOSTRATA, *matrona.*
CANTHARA, *nutrix.*
GETA, *servos.*
HEGIO, *senex.*
DROMO, *servos.*

PERSONA MUTA

CITHARISTRIA.

ARGUMENTUM

Duos cum haberet Demea adolescentulos,
Dat Micioni patri adoptandum Æschinum,
Sed Ctesiphonem retinet. Hic citharistriae
Affectus est amore quam lucri sui
Causa emerat mercator quondam Sannio.
Foribus effractis hanc eripuit Æschinus
Famamque amoris in se transtulit, ut foret
Clam patre duro Demea. Sed Æschinus
Et filiam ipse Sostratæ pauperculam
Uxorem duxerat et iam natus est puer.
At fama raptionis cum iam increbruit,
Demea iurgare, graviter ferre : mox tamen
Ut veritas patefacta est Micio Æschini
Uxorem agnoscit, Demea et placabilis
Sinit potiatur Ctesipho citharistriam.

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ADELPHI

ACTVS I.—SCENA I.

MICIO.

Storax. non rediit hac nocte a cena Aeschinus
Neque servolorum quisquam, qui advorsum ierant.
Ego quia non rediit filius quae cogito !
Quibus nunc sollicitor rebus ! ne aut ille alserit
Aut uspiam ceciderit aut praefregerit
Aliquid. vah, quemquamne hominem in animum instituere aut
Parare quod sit carius quam ipse est sibi !
Atque ex me hic natus non est, sed fratre ex meo.
Dissimili is studiost iam inde ab adulescentia.
Ego hanc clementem vitam urbanam atque otium
Secutus sum et, quod fortunatum isti putant,
Vxorem numquam habui. ille contra haec omnia
Ruri agere vitam : semper parce ac duriter
Se habere ; uxorem duxit : nati filii
Duo : inde ego hunc maiorem adoptavi mihi :
Eduxi a parvolo, habui, amavi pro meo ;
In eo me oblecto : solum id est carum mihi.

THE BROTHERS

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Enter MICIO.

Ho, Storax!—Æschinus did not return
Last night from supper; no, nor any one
Of all the slaves who went to see for him.
—And what a world of fears possess me now!
How anxious that my son is not return'd;
Lest he take cold, or fall, or break a limb!
—Gods, that a man should suffer any one
To wind himself so close about his heart,
As to grow dearer to him than himself!
And yet he is not my son, but my brother's,
Whose bent of mind is wholly different.
I, from youth upward even to this day,
Have led a quiet and serene town-life;
And, as some reckon fortunate, ne'er married.
He, in all points the opposite of this,
Has pass'd his days entirely in the country
With thrift, and labour; married; had two sons;
The elder boy is by adoption mine;
I've brought him up; kept; lov'd him as my own;
Made him my joy, and all my soul holds dear,

Ille ut item contra me habeat facio sedulo:
Do, praetermitto: non necesse habeo omnia
Pro meo iure agere: postremo, alii clanculum
Patres quae faciunt, quae fert adulescentia,
Ea ne me celet consuefeci filium.
Nam qui mentiri aut fallere insuerit patrem,
Fraudare tanto magis audebit ceteros.
Pudore et liberalitate liberos
Retinere satius esse credo quam metu.
Haec fratri mecum non conveniunt neque placent.
Venit ad me saepe clamans 'quid agis, Micio?
Cur perdis adulescentem nobis? cur amat?
Cur potat? cur tu his rebus sumptum suggeris?
Vestitu nimio indulges: nimium ineptus es.'
Nimium ipsest durus praeter aequomque et bonum:
Et errat longe mea quidem sententia,
Qui imperium credat gravius esse aut stabilius,
Vi quod fit, quam illud quod amicitia adiungitur.
Sed estne hic ipsus, de quo agebam? et certe is est.
Nescio quid tristem video: credo iam, ut solet,
Iurgabit.

SCENA II.

DEMEA. MICIO.

Salvom te advenire, Demea,
Gaudemus.
DE. Ehem opportune: te ipsum quaerito.

Striving to make myself as dear to him.
I give, o'erlook, nor think it requisite
That all his deeds should be controll'd by me,
Giving him scope to act as of himself;
So that the pranks of youth, which other children
Hide from their fathers, I have us'd my son
Not to conceal from me. For whosoe'er
Hath won upon himself to play the false one,
And practise impositions on a father,
Will do the same with less remorse to others;
And 'tis in my opinion better far
To bind your children to you by the ties
Of gentleness and modesty, than fear.
And yet my brother don't accord in this,
Nor do these notions, nor this conduct please him.
Oft he comes open-mouth'd—Why how now, Micio?
Why do you ruin this young lad of ours?
Why does he play? why drink? and why do you
Allow him money to afford all this?
You let him dress too fine. 'Tis idle in you.
—'Tis hard in him, unjust and out of reason.
And he, I think, deceives himself indeed,
Who fancies that authority more firm
Founded on force, than what is built on friendship;
But here is the man, whom I was speaking of.
He seems uneasy too, I know not why,
And I suppose, as usual, comes to wrangle.

SCENE II.

Enter DEMEA.

Micio. Demea, I'm glad to see you well. *Demea.* Oho!
Well met: the very man I came to seek.

MI. Quid tristis es? DE. Rogas me, ubi nobis Aeschinus
Siet, quid tristis ego sim? MI. Dixin hoc fore?
Quid fecit? DE. Quid ille fecerit? quem neque pudet
Quicquam, nec metuit quemquam, neque legem putat
Tenere se ullam. nam illa quae antehac facta sunt
Omitto: modo quid designavit? MI. Quid nam id est?
DE. Fores effregit atque in aedes inruit
Alienas; ipsum dominum atque omnem familiam
Mulcavit usque ad mortem: eripuit mulierem
Quam amabat. clamant omnes indignissume
Factum esse: hoc advenienti quot mihi, Micio,
Dixere! in orest omni populo. denique,
Si conferendum exemplumst, non fratrem videt
Rei dare operam ruri, esse parcum ac sobrium?
Nullum huius simile factum. haec cum illi, Micio,
Dico, tibi dico: tu illum corrumpi sinis.
MI. Ausculta, ne me obtundas de hac re saepius.
Tuom filium dedisti adoptandum mihi:
Is meus est factus: siquid peccat, Demea,
Mihi peccat: ego illi maxumam partem feram.
Obsonat, potat, olet unguenta: de meo;
Fores effregit: restituentur; discidit
Vestem: resarcietur. et (dis gratia)
Est unde haec fiant, et adhuc non molesta sunt.
Te plura in hac re peccare ostendam. DE. Ei mihi,
Pater esse disce ab illis, qui vere sciunt.

Micio. But you appear uneasy. What's the matter?
Demea. Is it a question, when there's Æschinus
To trouble us, what makes me so uneasy?
Micio. I said it would be so.—What has he done?
Demea. What has he done? a wretch, whom neither ties
Of shame, nor fear, nor any law can bind!
For not to speak of all his former pranks,
What has he been about but even now!
Micio. What has he done? *Demea.* Burst open doors, and forc'd
His way into another's house, and beat
The master and his family half dead;
And carried off a girl whom he was fond of.
The whole town cries out shame upon him, Micio.
I have been told of it a hundred times
Since my arrival. 'Tis the common talk—
And if we needs must draw comparisons,
Does not he see his brother, thrifty, sober,
Attentive to his business in the country;
Not given to these practices? and when
I say all this to him, to you I say it.
You are his ruin, Micio.
Micio. Nay, nay, not so; but I will have you hear me,
Nor stun me with the self-same thing for ever!
Your elder son you gave me for adoption:
He's mine then, Demea; and if he offends,
'Tis an offence to me, and I must bear
The burden. Does he treat? or drink? or dress?
'Tis at my cost, and not at yours I plead.
—Has he broke open doors? we'll make them good.
Or torn a coat? it shall be mended. I,
Thank heaven, have enough to do all this,
And 'tis as yet not irksome.—In a word,
I'll prove that you are more in fault than I.
Demea. Ah, learn to be a father; learn from those

MI. Natura tu illi pater es, consiliis ego.
DE. Tun' consiliis quicquam? MI. Ah, si pergis, abiero.
DE. Sicine agis? MI. An ego totiens de eadem re audiam?
DE. Curaest mihi. MI. Et mihi curaest. verum, Demea,
Curemus aequam uterque partem : tu alterum,
Ego item alterum. nam curare ambos propemodum
Reposcere illumst quem dedisti. DE. Ah, Micio,
Vnum vis curem, curo. et est dis gratia,
Cum ita ut volo est; iste tuos ipse sentiet
Posterius : nolo in illum gravius dicere.
MI. Nec nil neque omnia haec sunt quae dicit : tamen
Non nil molesta haec sunt mihi : sed ostendere
Me aegre pati illi nolui : nam itast homo :
Cum placo, advorsor sedulo et deterreo;
Tamen vix humane patitur : verum si augeam
Aut etiam adiutor sim eius iracundiae,
Insaniam profecto cum illo. etsi Aeschinus
Non nullam in hac re nobis facit iniuriam.
Is nuper dixit velle uxorem ducere.
Sperabam iam defervisse adulescentiam :
Gaudebam. ecce autem de integro : nisi quidquid est
Volo scire atque hominem convenire, si apud forumst.

Who know what 'tis to be indeed a parent!
Micio. By nature you're his father, I by counsel.
Demea. You! do you counsel any thing? *Micio.* Nay, nay;
If you persist I'm gone. *Demea.* Is't thus you treat me?
Micio. Must I still hear the same thing o'er and o'er?
Demea. It touches me. *Micio.* And me it touches too.
But, Demea, let us each look to our own:
Let me take care of one, and mind you t'other;
For to concern yourself with both, appears
As if you'd re-demand the boy you gave.
Demea. You wish I should take care of one. I do
Take special care of him; and he, thank heav'n,
Is as I wish he should be: which your ward,
I warrant, shall find out one time or other.
I will not say ought worse of him at present. [*exit.*
Micio. Though what he says be not entirely true,
There's something in it, and it touches me.
But I dissembled my concern with him,
Because the nature of the man is such,
To pacify, I must oppose and thwart him;
And even thus I scarce can teach him patience.
But were I to inflame or aid his anger,
I were as great a madman as himself.
Yet Æschinus, 'tis true, has been to blame.
He told me he proposed to take a wife.
I hop'd the hey-day of the blood was over,
And was rejoic'd: but his intemperance
Breaks out afresh.——Well, be it what it may,
I'll find him out, and know it instantly,
If he is to be met with at the Forum. [*exit.*

ACTVS II.—SCENA I.

SYRVS. SANNIO.

SY. Tace, egomet conveniam ipsum: cupide accipiat faxo atque etiam
Bene dicat secum esse actum. quid istuc, Sannio, est quod te audio
Nescio quid concertasse cum ero? SA. Numquam vidi iniquius
Certationem comparatam, quam haec hodie inter nos fuit:
Ego vapulando, ille verberando, usque ambo defessi sumus.
SY. Tua culpa. SA. Quid facerem? SY. Adulescenti morem gestum oportuit.
SA. Qui potui melius, qui hodie usque os praebui? SY. Age, scis quid loquar?
Pecuniam in loco neglegere maxumum interdumst lucrum: hui,
Metuisti, si nunc de tuo iure concessisses paululum
Atque adulescenti morigerasses, hominum homo stultissume,
Ne non tibi istuc faeneraret? SA. Ego spem pretio non emo.
SY. Numquam rem facies: abi, inescare nescis homines, Sannio.
SA. Credo istuc melius esse: verum ego numquam adeo astutus fui,
Quin quidquid possem mallem auferre potius in praesentia.
SY. Age, novi tuom animum: quasi iam usquam tibi sint viginti minae,

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter ÆSCHINUS, SANNIO, *the Music-girl. Æschinus and the music-girl enter Micio's house, and the door is shut in Sannio's face; then Syrus comes out to deal with him.*

Enter SYRUS.

Syrus [*to Æsch. within.*] Say no more!
Let me alone to talk with him! I warrant
I'll make him take the money; aye, and own
That he's well treated too. [*coming forward.*
Why how now, Sannio?
What's the dispute I overheard just now
'Twixt you and my young master? *San.* Never was
Any dispute conducted more unfairly,
Than that between us two to-day! Poor I
With being drubb'd, and he with drubbing me,
'Till we were both quite weary. *Syrus.* All your fault.
San. What could I do! *Syrus.* Give a young man his way.
San. What could I give him more, who gave my face?
Syrus. Nay, but d'ye know my meaning, Sannio?
To seem upon occasion to slight money,
Proves in the end, sometimes, the greatest gain.
Why prithee, blockhead, could you be afraid,
Had you abated somewhat of your right,
And humour'd the young gentleman, he would not
Have paid you back again with interest?
San. I never purchase hope with ready money.
Syrus. Away! you'll never thrive. You do not know
How to ensnare men, Sannio. *San.* Well, perhaps,
Your way were best: yet I was ne'er so crafty
But I had rather, when 'twas in my power,
Receive prompt payment. *Syrus.* Pshaw! I know your spirit:
As if you valued twenty minæ now,

Dum huic obsequare. praeterea autem te aiunt proficisci Cyprum,
SA. Hem.
SY. coemisse hinc quae illuc veheres multa, navem conductam: hoc scio,
Animus tibi pendet. ubi illinc spero redieris tamen hoc ages.
SA. Nusquam pedem. perii hercle: hac illi spe hoc inceperunt.
SY. Timet:
Labascit. unum hoc habeo: vide si satis placet:
Potius quam venias in periclum, Sannio,
Servesne an perdas totum, dividuom face.
Minas decem conradet alicunde. SA. Ei mihi,
Etiam de sorte nunc venio in dubium miser?
Pudet nil? omnes dentes labefecit mihi:
Etiam insuper defrudet? nusquam abeo. SY. Vt lubet:
Numquid vis quin abeam? SA. Immo hercle hoc quaeso, Syre,
Vt ut haec sunt acta, potius quam lites sequar,
Meum mihi reddatur, saltem quanti emptast, Syre.
Scio te non usum antehac amicitia mea:
Memorem me dices esse et gratum. SY. Sedulo
Faciam. sed Ctesiphonem video: laetus est
De amica. SA. Quid quod te oro? SY. Paulisper mane.

So you might do a kindness to my master!
—Besides they say you're setting out for Cyprus. [*carelessly.*
San. Ha! [*alarmed*] *Syrus.* And have bought up a large stock of goods
To carry over thither.——Hir'd a vessel.
That 'tis, I know, which keeps you in suspense:
When you return, I hope, you'll settle this.
San. I shall not budge a foot.—Undone, by heav'n!
Urg'd by these hopes they've undertaken this. [*aside.*
Syrus. He fears I've thrown a small rub in his way.
So, so! he yields at last, this wretched trader. [*aside.*
—I have but one word more to say to you:
See, how you like it.—Rather, Sannio,
Than run the risk to get or lose the whole,
E'en halve the matter: and he shall contrive
To scrape together by some means ten minæ.
San. Alas, alas! am I in danger then
Of losing ev'n my very principal?
Shame on him; he has loosen'd all my teeth:
And will he cheat me too?—I'm going nowhere.
Syrus. Just as you please.—Have you ought else to say
Before I go? *San.* Yes, one word, prithee Syrus!
However things have happen'd, rather than
I should be driven to commence a suit,
Let him return me my bare due at least;
The sum she cost me, Syrus.—I'm convinc'd
You've had no tokens of my friendship yet;
But you shall find I will not be ungrateful.
Syrus. I'll do my best. But I see Ctesipho.
He is rejoic'd about his mistress. *San.* Say, [*retire.*
Will you remember me? *Syrus.* Hold, hold a little! [*Syrus and San.*

SCENA II.

CTESIPHO. SYRVS. (SANNIO.)

CT. Abs quivis homine, cumst opus, beneficium accipere gaudeas:
Verum enim vero id demum iuvat, si quem aequomst facere is bene facit.
O frater frater, quid ego nunc te laudem? satis certo scio:
Numquam ita magnifice quicquam dicam, id virtus quin superet tua.
SY. O Ctesipho. CT. O Syre, Aeschinus ubist? SY. Ellum, te expectat domi. CT. Hem.
SY. Quid est? CT. Quid sit? illius opera, Syre, nunc vivo: festivom caput,
Qui ignominias sibi post putavit esse prae meo commodo,
Maledicta, famam, meum laborem et peccatum in se transtulit;
Nil potis supra. quid nam fores crepuit? SY. Mane, mane: ipse exit foras. 129

SCENA III.

AESCHINVS. SANNIO. CTESIPHO. SYRVS.

AE. Vbist ille sacrilegus? SA. Me quaerit. numquid nam effert? occidi:
Nil video. AE. Ehem opportune: te ipsum quaero: quid fit, Ctesipho?
In tutost omnis res: omitte vero tristitiem tuam.
CT. Ego illam hercle vero omitto, qui quidem te habeam fratrem: O mi Aeschine.
AE. Age inepte, quasi nunc non norimus nos inter nos, Ctesipho.
Hoc mihi dolet, nos sero scisse et paene in eum rem locum

SCENE II.

Enter CTESIPHO *at another part of the stage.*

Ctes. Favours are welcome in the hour of need
From any hand; but doubly welcome when
Conferr'd by those from whom we most expect them.
O brother, brother, how shall I applaud thee?
Ne'er can I rise to such a height of praise
But your deservings will out-top me still.

Syrus [*coming forward*]. O Ctesipho! *Ctes.* [*turning round*] O Syrus, where's my brother?

Syrus. At home, where he expects you. *Ctes.* Ha! [*joyfully*]
Syrus. What now?

Ctes. What now?—By his assistance I live, Syrus.
Ah, he's a friend indeed! who disregarding
All his own interests for my advantage,
The scandal, infamy, intrigue, and blame,
All due to me, has drawn upon himself!
What could exceed it?—But who's there? The door
Creaks on the hinges [*offering to go off*]. *Syrus.* Hold! 'tis Æschinus.

SCENE III.

Enter ÆSCHINUS.

Æsch. Where is that rascal? *San.* [*behind*] He inquires for me.
Has he brought out the cash with him?—Confusion!
I see none. *Æsch.* [*to Ctes.*] Ha! well met: I long'd to see you.
How is it, Ctesipho? All's safe; away
With melancholy! *Ctes.* Melancholy! I
Be melancholy, who have such a brother?
O my dear Æschinus! thou best of brothers,

Æsch. As if we did not know each other, Ctesipho.
It only grieves me, we so lately knew this,
When things were almost come to such a pass,

Redisse, ut si omnes cuperent nil tibi possent auxiliarier.
CT. Pudebat. AE. Ah, stultitiast istaec, non pudor: tam ob parvolam
Rem paene e patria! turpe dictu. deos quaeso ut istaec prohibeant.
CT. Peccavi. AE. Quid ait tandem nobis Sannio? SY. Iam mitis est.
AE. Ego ad forum ibo, ut hunc absolvam: tu intro ad illam, Ctesipho.
SA. Syre, insta. SY. Eamus: namque hic properat in Cyprum. SA. Ne tam quidem:
Quamvis etiam maneo otiosus hic. SY. Reddetur: ne time.
SA. At ut omne reddat. SY. Omne reddet: tace modo ac sequere hac. SA. Sequor.
CT. Heus heus, Syre. SY. Quid est? CT. Obsecro hercle te. hominem istum inpurissumum
Quam primum absolvitote, ne, si magis inritatus siet,
Aliqua ad patrem hoc permanet atque ego tum perpetuo perierim.
SY. Non fiet, bono animo es: tu cum illa te intus oblecta interim.
Ego iam transacta re convortam me domum cum obsonio.

ACTVS III.—SCENA I.

SOSTRATA. CANTHARA.

SO. Obsecro, mea nutrix, quid nunc fiet? CA. Quid fiat rogas?
Pol is quidem iam hic aderit: nam numquam unum intermittit diem,
Quin semper veniat. SO. Solus mearum miseriarumst remedium.

That all the world, had they desired to do it,
Could not assist you. *Ctes.* 'Twas my modesty.
Æsch. Pshaw! it was folly, and not modesty.
For such a trifle, almost fly your country?
Heaven forbid it!—fie, fie, Ctesipho!
Ctes. I've been to blame. *Æsch.* Well, what says Sannio?
Syrus. He's pacified at last. *Æsch.* I'll to the Forum,
And pay him off.—You, Ctesipho, go in
To the poor girl. *San.* Now urge the matter, Syrus! [*apart to Syrus.*
Syrus. Let's go; for Sannio wants to be at Cyprus.
San. Not in such haste: though truly I have no cause
To loiter here. *Syrus.* You shall be paid: ne'er fear!
San. But all? *Syrus.* Yes, all: so hold your tongue, and follow!
San. I will. [*exit after Æschinus—Syrus going.*] *Ctes.* Hist! hark ye, Syrus! *Syrus* [*turning back*]. Well, what now?
Ctes. For heaven's sake discharge that scurvy fellow
Immediately; for fear, if further urg'd,
This tale should reach my father's ears: and then
I am undone for ever. *Syrus.* It sha'nt be.
Be of good courage! meanwhile, get you in,
And entertain yourself with her; while I
My business done, shall homewards with supplies. [*exeunt severally.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

SOSTRATA, CANTHARA.

Sos. Prithee, good nurse, how will it go with her?
Can. How go with her? Why well, I warrant you.
He'll be here presently, I promise you:
For he, good man, ne'er lets a single day
Go by, but he is sure to visit us.
Sos. He is my only comfort in my sorrows.

CA. E re nata melius fieri haud potuit quam factumst, era,
Quando nupta iam sit, quod ad illum attinet potissumum,
Talem, tali ingenio atque animo, natum ex tanta familia.
SO. Ita pol est ut dicis: salvos nobis deos quaeso ut siet.

SCENA II.

GETA. SOSTRATA. CANTHARA.

GE. Nunc illud est, cum, si omnia omnes sua consilia conferant
Atque huic malo salutem quaerant, auxili nil adferant,
Quod mihique eraeque filiaeque erilist. vae misero mihi:
Hocine saeclum! o scelera, o genera sacrilega, o hominem impium,
SO. Me miseram, quidnamst quod sic video timidum et properantem Getam?
GE. quem neque fides neque ius iurandum neque illum misericordia
Repressit neque reflexit neque quid iam pudet. SO. Haud intellego
Satis quae loquatur. CA. Propius obsecro accedamus, Sostrata.
GE. Ah
Me miserum, vix sum compos animi, ita ardeo iracundia.
Nil est quod malim quam illam totam familiam dari mi obviam,
Seni animam primum extinguerem ipsi, qui illud produxit scelus:
Tum autem Syrum inpulsorem, vah, quibus illum lacerarem modis!
Adulescenti ipsi eriperem oculos, post haec praecipitem darem.
Ceteros ruerem agerem raperem tunderem et prosternerem.
Sed cesso eram hoc malo impertiri propere? SO. Revocemus. Geta.

Can. Troth, as the case stands, madam, circumstances
Could not have happen'd better than they have:
And since your daughter married secretly,
'Twas well she met with such a man as this;
A man of honour, rank, and family.
Sos. He is, indeed, a worthy gentleman:
The gods preserve him to us!

SCENE II.

Enter GETA *hastily at another part of the stage.*

Geta. We are now
So absolutely lost, that all the world
Joining in consultation to apply
Relief to the misfortune that has fallen
On me, my mistress, and her daughter, all
Would not avail. Oh, what an age is this!
Oh wicked, oh vile race!—oh impious man!
Sos. [*to Canthara*] Ah, why should Geta seem thus terrified
And agitated? *Geta* [*to himself*]. Wretch! whom neither honour,
Nor oaths, nor pity could control or move!
Sos. I don't well understand him. *Can.* Prithee then
Let us draw nearer, Sostrata! *Geta* [*to himself*]. Alas,
I'm scarcely in my perfect mind, I burn
In such fierce anger.—Oh, that I had all
That villain-family before me now,
First I'd tread out the stinking snuff his father,
Who gave the monster being.—And then, Syrus,
Who urg'd him to it,—how I'd lash him!—Next
I'd tear the lover's eyes out, tumble him,
Head foremost, down some precipice—the rest
I'd rush on, drag, crush, trample under foot.
But why do I delay to tell my mistress
This heavy news as soon as possible? [*going.*

GE. Hem, quisquis es, sine me. SO. Ego sum Sostrata. GE. Vbi east? te ipsam quaerito,
Era. SO. Quid est? quid trepidas? GE. Ei mi. CA. Quid festinas, mi Geta?
Animam recipe. GE. Prorsus—SO. Quid istuc 'prorsus' ergost? GE. periimus:
Actumst. SO. Eloquere, obsecro te, quid sit. GE. Iam—SO. Quid 'iam', Geta?
GE. Aeschinus—SO. Quid is ergo? GE. alienus est ab nostra familia. SO. Hem,
Perii. qua re? GE. Amare occepit aliam. SO. Vae miserae mihi.
GE. Neque id occulte fert, ipsus eripuit palam manu.
SO. Satin hoc certumst? GE. Certum: hisce oculis egomet vidi, Sostrata. SO. Ah
Me miseram. quid iam credas? aut cui credas? nostrumne Aeschinum?
Nostram omnium vitam, in quo nostrae spes opesque omnes sitae?
Qui sine hac iurabat se unum numquam victurum diem?
GE. Era, lacrumas mitte ac potius quod ad hanc rem opus est porro prospice:
Patiamurne an narremus cuipiam? CA. Au au, mi homo, sanun es?
An hoc proferendum tibi videtur usquam? GE. Mihi quidem non placet.
Iam primum illum alieno animo a nobis esse res ipsa indicat.
Nunc si hoc palam proferimus, ille infitias ibit, sat scio:
Tua fama et gnatae vita in dubium veniet. tum si maxume
Fateatur, cum amet aliam, non est utile hanc illi dari.
Quapropter quoquo pacto tacitost opus. SO. Ah minume gentium:
Non faciam. GE. Quid ages? SO. Proferam. CA. Hem, mea Sostrata, vide quam rem agas.

Sos. Let's call him back.—Ho, Geta! *Geta.* Whosoe'er
You are, excuse me. *Sos.* I am Sostrata.

Geta. Where, where is Sostrata? [*turns about*] I sought you, madam;

Sos. What is the matter? why d'ye tremble thus?

Geta. Alas! *Sos.* Take breath!—But why thus mov'd, good Geta?

Geta. We're quite—— *Sos.* Quite what? *Geta.* Undone: we're ruined, madam.

Sos. Explain, for heaven's sake! *Geta.* Ev'n now—— *Sos.* What now?

Geta. Æschinus—— *Sos.* What of Æschinus? *Geta.* Has quite
Estrang'd himself from all our family.

Sos. How's that? confusion! why? *Geta.* He loves another.

Sos. Wretch that I am! *Geta.* Nor that clandestinely;
But snatch'd her in the face of all the world
From her late master. *Sos.* Are you sure of this?

Geta. Sure? with these very eyes I saw it, madam.

Sos. Alas, alas! What then can we believe?
To whom give credit?—What? our Æschinus!
Our very life, our sole support and hope!
Who swore he could not live one day without her!

Geta. Nay, weep not, mistress; but consider rather
What course were best to follow: to conceal
This wrong, or to disclose it to some friend?

Can. Disclose it! Are you mad? Is this a thing
To be disclos'd, d'ye think? *Geta.* I'd not advise it.
For first, that he has quite abandoned us
The thing itself declares. If we then make
The story known, no doubt but he'll deny it.
Your reputation and your daughter's life
Will be endanger'd: or if he confess,
Since he affects another, 'twere not good
That he should have your daughter; for which reasons
Silence is requisite. *Sos.* Ah, no; not I.

Geta. What mean you? *Sos.* To disclose the whole. *Geta.* How, madam!
Think what you are about. *Sos.* Whatever happens,

So. Peiore res loco non potis est esse quam in quo nunc sitast.
Experiar—Ge. Quid istic? cedo ut melius dicas. So. Tu quantum potest
Abi atque Hegioni cognato huius rem enarrato omnem ordine:
Nam is nostro Simulo fuit summus et nos coluit maxume.

SCENA III.

DEMEA. SYRVS.

De. Disperii: Ctesiphonem audivi filium
Vna fuisse in raptione cum Aeschino.
Id misero restat mihi mali, si illum potest,
Qui alicui reist, etiam meum ad nequitiem adducere.
Sed eccum Syrum ire video: hinc scibo iam ubi siet.
Atqui hercle hic de grege illost: si me senserit
Eum quaeritare, numquam dicet carnufex.
Non ostendam id me velle. Sy. Omnem rem modo seni
Quo pacto haberet enarramus ordine.
Nil quicquam vidi laetius. De. Pro Iuppiter,
Hominis stultitiam. Sy. Conlaudavit filium:
Mihi, qui id dedissem consilium, egit gratias.
De. Disrumpor. Sy. Argentum adnumeravit ilico:
Dedit praeterea in sumptum dimidium minae:

The thing can't be in a worse state than now,
And so I'll try it. *Geta.* Well, then, I agree.
Sos. You then away, as fast as possible,
And run to Hegio, our good friend and kinsman,
To let him know the whole affair: for he
Was the chief friend of my dear Simulus,
And ever shew'd a great regard for us.

SCENE III.

Enter DEMEA

Dem. Confusion! I have heard that Ctesipho
Was present with his brother at this riot.
This is the sum of all my miseries,
If he, even he, a sober, hopeful lad,
May be seduc'd into debaucheries.
—But here comes Syrus; he can tell me all.
And yet this slave is of the gang; and if
He once perceives that I'm inquiring for him
He'll never tell me anything; a rogue!
I'll not discover my design.

Enter SYRUS *at another part of the stage.*

Syrus [*to himself*]. We've just
Disclos'd the whole of this affair to Micio,
Exactly as it happen'd. I ne'er saw
The good old gentleman more pleased.
Dem. Oh heav'n, the folly of the man! [*listening*] *Syrus* [*to himself*]. He prais'd his son;
Me, who concerted the whole scheme, he thank'd.
Dem. I burst with rage [*listening*]. *Syrus* [*to himself*]. He told the money down
Immediately, and threw us in beside,
To make an entertainment, a half-mina:

Id distributum sanest ex sententia. DE. Hem,
Huic mandes, siquid recte curatum velis.
SY. Ehem Demea, haud aspexeram te: quid agitur?
DE. Quid agatur? vostram nequeo mirari satis
Rationem. SY. Est hercle inepta, ne dicam dolo,
Absurda. pisces ceteros purga, Dromo:
Congrum istum maxumum in aqua sinito ludere
Tantisper: ubi ego rediero, exossabitur:
Prius nolo. DE. Haecin flagitia! SY. Mihi quidem non placent
Et clamo saepe. salsamenta haec, Stephanio,
Fac macerentur pulchre. DE. Di vostram fidem,
Vtrum studione id sibi habet an laudi putat
Fore, si perdiderit gnatum? vae misero mihi.
Videre videor iam diem illum, cum hinc egens
Profugiet aliquo militatum. SY. O Demea,
Istuc est sapere, non quod ante pedes modost
Videre, sed etiam illa quae futura sunt
Prospicere. DE. Quid? istaec iam penes vos psaltriast?
SY. Ellam intus. DE. Eho, an domist habiturus? SY. Credo, ut est
Dementia. DE. Haecin fieri! SY. Inepta lenitas
Patris et facilitas prava. DE. Fratris me quidem
Pudet pigetque. SY. Nimium inter vos, Demea,
(Non quia ades praesens dico hoc) pernimium inter est.
Tu, quantusquantu's, nil nisi sapientia es,
Ille somnium. num sineres vero illum tuom
Facere haec? DE. Sinerem illum? aut non sex totis mensibus
Prius olfecissem, quam ille quicquam coeperet?
SY. Vigilantiam tuam tu mihi narras? DE. Sic siet

Which I've laid out according to my liking.

Dem. So! if you'd have your business well ta'en care of,
Commit it to this fellow! *Syrus* [*overhearing*]. Who's there? Demea!
I did not see you, sir. How goes it? *Dem.* How?
I can't sufficiently admire your conduct.

Syrus [*negligently*]. Silly enough, to say the truth, and idle.
—*To servants within*] Cleanse you the rest of those fish, Dromo: let
That large eel play a little in the water;
When I return it shall be boned: till then
It must not be. *Dem.* Are crimes like these—— *Syrus* [*to Demea*]. Indeed
I like them not, and oft cry shame upon them.
—*To servants within*] See that those salt fish are well soak'd, Stephanio.

Dem. Gods! is this done on purpose? Does he think
'Tis laudable to spoil his son? Alas!
I think I see the day, when Æschinus
Shall fly for want, and list himself a soldier.

Syrus. O Demea! that is to be wise: to see,
Not that alone which lies before your feet,
But ev'n to pry into futurity.

Dem. What, is the music-girl at your house? *Syrus.* Ay,
Madam's within. *Dem.* What! and is Æschinus
To keep her at home with him? *Syrus.* I believe so;
Such is their madness. *Dem.* Is it possible?

Syrus. A fond and foolish father! *Dem.* I'm asham'd
To own my brother. I'm griev'd for him. *Syrus.* Ah!
There is a deal of diff'rence, Demea,
—Nor is't because you're present, that I say this—
There is a mighty difference between you!
You are, from top to toe, all over wisdom:
He, a mere dotard.—Would you e'er permit
Your boy to do such things? *Dem.* Permit him? I?
Or should I not much rather smell him out
Six months before he did but dream of it?

Syrus. Pshaw! do you boast your vigilance to me?

Modo ut nunc est, quaeso. Sy. Vt quisque suom volt esse, itast.
De. Quid eum ? vidistin hodie ? Sy. Tuomne filium ?
Abigam hunc rus. iam dudum aliquid ruri agere arbitror.
De. Satin scis ibi esse ? Sy. Oh, qui egomet produxi. De. Optumest:
Metui ne haereret hic. Sy. Atque iratum admodum.
De. Quid autem ? Sy. Adortus iurgiost fratrem apud forum
De psaltria istac. De Ain vero ? Sy. Ah, nil reticuit.
Nam ut numerabatur forte argentum, intervenit
Homo de inproviso : coepit clamare 'O Aeschine,
Haecine flagitia facere te ! haec te admittere
Indigna genere nostro !' De. Oh, lacrumo gaudio.
Sy. 'Non tu hoc argentum perdis, sed vitam tuam.'
De. Salvos sit : spero, est similis maiorum suum. Sy. Hui.
De. Syre, praeceptorum plenust istorum ille. Sy. Phy :
Domi habuit unde disceret. De. Fit sedulo :
Nil praetermitto : consuefacio : denique
Inspicere tamquam in speculum in vitas omnium
Iubeo atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi.
'Hoc facito.' Sy. Recte sane. De. 'Hoc fugito.' Sy. Callide.
De. 'Hoc laudist.' Sy. Istaec res est. De. 'Hoc vitio datur.'
Sy. Probissume. De. Porro autem. . . Sy. Non hercle otiumst
Nunc mi auscultandi. pisces ex sententia

Dem. Heav'n keep him ever as he is at present!
Syrus. As fathers form their children, so they prove.
Dem. But now we're speaking of him, have you seen
The lad to-day? [*with an affected carelessness*] *Syrus.* Your son, d'ye mean?—I'll drive him
Into the country [*aside*].—He is hard at work
Upon your grounds by this time [*to Demea*]. *Dem.* Are you sure on't?
Syrus. Sure? I set out with him myself. *Dem.* Good! good!
I was afraid he loiter'd here [*aside*]. *Syrus.* And much
Enrag'd, I promise you. *Dem.* On what account?
Syrus. A quarrel with his brother at the Forum,
About the music-girl. *Dem.* Indeed? *Syrus.* Aye, faith:
He did not mince the matter: he spoke out;
For as the cash was telling down, in pops,
All unexpected, Master Ctesipho
Cries out,—"O Æschinus, are these your courses?
Do you commit these crimes? and do you bring
Such a disgrace upon our family?"
Dem. Oh, oh, I weep for joy. *Syrus.* ——"You squander not
The money only, but your life, your honour."
Dem. Heav'n bless him; he is like his ancestors. [*weeping*
Syrus. Father's own son, I warrant him. *Dem.* O Syrus!
He's full of all those precepts, he!— *Syrus.* No doubt on't:
He need not go from home for good instruction.
Dem. I spare no pains: neglect no means; I train him.
—In short I bid him look into the lives
Of all, as in a mirror, and thence draw
From others an example for himself.
—"Do this."—— *Syrus.* Good! *Dem.* "Fly that." *Syrus.* Very good! *Dem.* "This deed
Is commendable." *Syrus.* That's the thing. *Dem.* "That's reprehensible."
Syrus. Most excellent! *Dem.* "And then moreover——" *Syrus.* Faith, I have not time
To give you further audience just at present,

Nactus sum : ei mihi ne corrumpantur cautiost :
Nam id nobis tam flagitiumst quam illa, Demea,
Non facere vobis, quae modo dixti : et quod queo
Conservis ad eundem istunc praecipio modum :
'Hoc salsumst, hoc adustumst, hoc lautumst parum :
Illud recte : iterum sic memento :' sedulo
Moneo, quae possum pro mea sapientia :
Postremo tamquam in speculum in patinas, Demea,
Inspicere iubeo et moneo quid facto usus sit.
Inepta haec esse, nos quae facimus, sentio :
Verum quid facias? ut homost, ita morem geras.
Numquid vis? DE. Mentem vobis meliorem dari.
SY. Tu rus hinc ibis? DE. Recta. SY. Nam quid tu hic agas,
Vbi siquid bene praecipias, nemo obtemperet?
DE. Ego vero hinc abeo, quando is, quam obrem huc veneram,
Rus abiit : illum curo unum : ille ad me attinet,
Quando ita volt frater : de istoc ipse viderit.
Sed quis illic est, quem video procul? estne Hegio
Tribulis noster? si satis cerno, is est hercle : vah,
Opperiar hominem hic, ut salutem et conloquar.

I've got an admirable dish of fish;
And I must take good care they are not spoilt.
For that were an offence as grievous, Demea,
In us, as 'twere in you to leave undone
The things you just now mentioned: and I try,
According to my weak abilities,
To teach my fellow-slaves the self-same way.
—"This is too salt.—This is burnt up too much.
That is not nice and cleanly.—That's well done.
Mind, and do so again."—I spare no pains,
And give them the best precepts that I can.
In short, I bid them look into the dishes,
As in a mirror, Demea, and thence learn
The duty of a cook.—This school of our's,
I own, is idle: but what can you do?
According to the man must be the lesson.
—Would you aught else with us? *Dem.* Your reformation.
Syrus. Do you go hence into the country? *Dem.* Straight.
Syrus. For what should you do here, where nobody,
However good your precepts, cares to mind them? [*exit.*

DEMEA *alone.*

I then will hence, since he, on whose account
I hither came, is gone into the country.
He is my only care, *he's* my concern.
My brother, since he needs will have it so,
May look to Æschinus himself.——But who
Is coming yonder? Hegio, of our tribe?
If I see plainly, beyond doubt 'tis he.
I'll wait, that I may ask about his health,
And have a little conversation with him.

SCENA IV.

Hegio. Geta. Demea.

He. Pro di inmortales, facinus indignum, Geta,
Quod narras. Ge. Sic est factum. He. Ex illan familia
Tam inliberale facinus esse ortum ! O Aeschine,
Pol haud paternum istuc dedisti. De. Videlicet.
De psaltria hac audivit : id illi nunc dolet
Alieno. pater eius nili pendit : ei mihi,
Vtinam hic prope adsit alicubi atque haec audiat.
He. Nisi facient quae illos aequomst, haud sic auferent.
Ge. In te spes omnis, Hegio, nobis sitast :
Te solum habemus, tu es patronus, tu pater :
Ille tibi moriens nos commendavit senex :
Si deseris tu, periimus. He. Cave dixeris :
Neque faciam neque me satis pie posse arbitror.
De. Adibo. salvere Hegionem plurimum
Iubeo. He. Oh, te quaerebam ipsum : salve, Demea.
De. Quid autem ? He. Maior filius tuos Aeschinus,
Quem fratri adoptandum dedisti, neque boni
Neque liberalis functus officiumst viri.
De. Quid istuc est ? He. Nostrum amicum noras Simulum
Aequalem ? De. Quid ni ? He. Filiam eius virginem
Clam duxit. De. Hem. He. Mane : non dum audisti, Demea,
Quod est gravissumum. De. An quid est etiam amplius ?
He. Vero amplius : nam hoc quidem ferundum aliquo modost :
Venit ipsus ultro lacrumans orans obsecrans
Fidem dans, iurans se illam ducturum domum.
Ignotumst, tacitumst, creditumst. nunc psaltriam

SCENE IV.

Enter HEGIO *and* GETA *conversing at a distance.*

Hegio. Good heaven! a most unworthy action, Geta!
Geta. Ev'n so. *Hegio.* A deed so base
Sprung from that family?—O Æschinus,
I'm sure this was not acting like your father.
Demea [*behind*]. So! he has heard about this music-girl,
And is affected at it, tho' a stranger,
While his good father truly thinks it nothing.
Oh monstrous! would that he were somewhere nigh,
And heard all this! *Hegio.* Unless they do what's just,
They shall not carry off the matter thus.
Geta. Our only hope is in you, Hegio.
You're our sole friend, our guardian and our father;
The good old Simulus on his death-bed
Bequeath'd us to your care. If you desert us,
We are undone indeed. *Hegio.* Ah, name it not!
I will not, and with honesty I cannot.
Dem. I'll go up to him.—Save you, Hegio!
Hegio. The man I look'd for.—Save you, Demea!
Dem. Your pleasure! *Hegio.* Æschinus, your elder son,
Adopted by your brother, has committed
A deed unworthy of an honest man,
And of a gentleman. *Dem.* How so? *Hegio.* You knew
Our friend and good acquaintance, Simulus?
Dem. Aye sure. *Hegio.* There's been a secret marriage. *Dem.* How!
Hegio. Hold, Demea, for the worst is still to come.
Dem. Is there aught worse? *Hegio.* Much worse: for this perhaps
Might be excus'd him. Of his own accord
He came to the girl's mother, weeping, praying,
Entreating, vowing constancy, and swearing
That he would take her home.—He was forgiven;

Paravit, quicum vivat: illam deserit.
DE. Pro certon tu istaec dicis? HE. Mater virginis
In mediost. ipsa virgo, res ipsa, hic Geta
Praeterea, ut captus est servorum, non malus
Neque iners: alit illas, solus omnem familiam
Sustentat: hunc abduce, vinci, quaere rem.
GE. Immo hercle extorque, nisi ita factumst, Demea;
Postremo non negabit: coram ipsum cedo.
DE. Pudet: nec quid agam neque quid huic dicam scio.
HE. Illaec fidem nunc vostram inplorat, Demea,
Quod vos vis cogit, id voluntate inpetret.
Haec primum ut fiant deos quaeso ut vobis decet.
Sin aliter animus voster est, ego, Demea,
Summa vi defendam hanc atque illum mortuom.
Cognatus mihi erat: una a pueris parvolis
Sumus educti: una semper militiae et domi
Fuimus: paupertatem una pertulimus gravem.
Quapropter nitar, faciam, experiar, denique
Animam relinquam potius quam illas deseram.
Quid mihi respondes? DE. Fratrem conveniam, Hegio.
HE. Sed, Demea, hoc tu facito cum animo cogites,
Quam vos facillume agitis, quam estis maxume
Potentes dites fortunati nobiles,
Tam maxume vos aequo animo aequa noscere
Oportet, si vos voltis perhiberi probos.
DE. Redito; fient quae fieri aequomst omnia.

The thing concealed; and his vows credited.
But now, believe me, our good gentleman
Has got a music-girl, heav'n bless the mark!
With whom he means to live, and quit the other.

Dem. And are you well assur'd of this? *Hegio.* The mother,
The girl, the fact itself, are all before you,
Joining to vouch the truth on't. And besides,
This Geta here—as servants go, no bad one,
Nor given up to idleness—maintains them;
The sole support of all the family.
Here take him, bind him, force the truth from him.

Geta. Ay, torture me, if 'tis not so, good Demea!
Nay, Æschinus, I'm sure, will not deny it.
Bring me before him. *Dem.* [*aside*] I'm asham'd: and what
To do, or what to say to him, I know not.

Hegio. Yes! she now calls upon your justice, Demea!
Grant her then freely what law else will claim.
And heaven send that you may rather do
What honour bids! but if you mean it not,
Be sure of this; that with my utmost force
I'll vindicate the girl, and her dead father;
He was my kinsman; we were bred together
From children; and our fortunes twin'd together
In war, and peace, and bitter poverty.
Wherefore I'll try, endeavour, strive, nay lose
My life itself, before I will forsake them.
—What is your answer? *Dem.* I'll find out my brother:
What he advises I will follow, Hegio.

Hegio. But still remember, Demea, that the more
You live at ease; the more your pow'r, your wealth,
Your riches, and nobility; the more
It is your duty to act honourably,
If you regard the name of honest men.

Dem. Go to; we'll do you justice. *Hegio.* 'Twill become you.

HE. Decet te facere. Geta, duc me intro ad Sostratam.
DE. Non me indicente haec fiunt: utinam hic sit modo
Defunctum: verum nimia illaec licentia
Profecto evadit in aliquod magnum malum.
Ibo ac requiram fratrem, ut in eum haec evomam.

SCENA V.

HEGIO.

Bono animo fac sis, Sostrata, et istam quod potes
Fac consolere. ego Micionem, si apud forumst,
Conveniam atque ut res gestast narrabo ordine:
Si est, is facturus ut sit officium suom,
Faciat: sin aliter de hac re est eius sententia,
Respondeat mi, ut quid agam quam primum sciam.

ACTVS IV.—SCENA I.

CTESIPHO. SYRVS.

CT. Ain patrem hinc abisse rus? SY. Iam dudum. CT. Dic sodes.
SY. Apud villamst;
CT. Sed ubi me illic non videbit, iam huc recurret, sat scio:
Rogitabit me, ubi fuerim: 'ego hoc te toto non vidi die:'
Quid dicam? SY. Nilne in mentemst? CT. Numquam quicquam.
SY. Tanto nequior.

Geta, conduct me in to Sostrata. [*exit with Geta.*

DEMEA *alone.*

This is no more than I foretold: and well
If his intemp'rance would stop *here!*—But this
Immoderate indulgence must produce
Some terrible misfortune in the end.
—I'll hence, find out my brother, tell my news,
And empty all my indignation on him. [*exit.*

SCENE V.

Re-enter HEGIO, *speaking to* SOSTRATA *at the door.*

Be of good cheer, my Sostrata; and comfort,
As much as in your pow'r, poor Pamphila!
I'll find out Micio, if he's at the Forum,
And tell him the whole story: if he'll act
With honour in it, why 'tis well; if not,
Let him but speak his mind to me, and then
I shall know how to act accordingly. [*exit.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

CTESIPHO, SYRUS.

Ctes. My father gone into the country, say you?
Syrus. Long since. *Ctes.* Nay; speak the truth! *Syrus.* He's at his farm.
Ctes. But now, not finding me, I'm very sure
He'll hobble back again immediately;
Question me where I've been, that I've not seen him
All the day long; and what shall I reply?
Syrus. What? can you think of nothing? *Ctes.* No, not I.
Syrus. So much the worse.—Have you no client, friend,

Cliens amicus hospes nemost vobis? CT. Sunt: quid postea?
SY. Hisce opera ut data sit. CT. Quae non data sit? non potest fieri. SY. Potest.
Quin tu otiosus es: ego illius sensum pulchre calleo.
Quom fervit maxume, tam placidum quasi ovem reddo. CT. Quo modo?
SY. Laudarier te audit lubenter: facio te apud illum deum:
Virtutes narro. CT. Meas? SY. Tuas: homini ilico lacrumae cadunt
Quasi puero gaudio. en tibi autem. CT. Quid namst? SY. Lupus in fabula.
CT. Pater est? SY. Is ipsest. CT. Syre, quid agimus? SY. Fuge modo intro, ego videro.

SCENA II.

DEMEA. CTESIPHO. SYRVS.

DE. Ne ego homo infelix: primum fratrem nusquam invenio gentium:
Praeterea autem, dum illum quaero, a villa mercennarium
Vidi: is filium negat esse ruri: nec quid agam scio.
SY. Non hercle hic qui volt durare quisquam, si sic fit, potest.
Scire equidem volo, quot mihi sint domini: quae haec est miseria!
DE. Quid ille gannit? quid volt? quid ais, bone vir? est frater domi?
SY. Quid malum 'bone vir' mihi narras? equidem perii. DE. Quid tibist?
SY. Rogitas? Ctesipho me pugnis miserum et istam psaltriam
Vsque occidit. DE. Hem, quid narras? SY. Em, vide ut discidit labrum.

Or guest? *Ctes.* I have. What then? *Syrus.* You've been engag'd
With them. *Ctes.* When not engag'd? It cannot be.
Syrus. It may.
For be at ease! I know his mind so well,
That when he raves the loudest, I can make him
As gentle as a lamb. *Ctes.* How so? *Syrus.* He loves
To hear you prais'd. I sing your praises to him,
And make you a little god. *Ctes.* Me! *Syrus.* You.
And then the old man blubbers like a child
For very joy.—But have a care! [*looking out*] *Ctes.* What now?
Syrus. The wolf i' th' fable! *Ctes.* What, my father? *Syrus.* He.
Ctes. What's the best, Syrus? *Syrus.* In! fly! I'll take care.

SCENE II.

Enter DEMEA *at another part of the stage.*

Dem. A most unhappy man am I! for, first
I cannot find my brother any where:
And then besides, in looking after him,
I chanc'd on one of my day labourers,
Who had but newly left my farm, and told me
Ctesipho was not there. What shall I do?
Syrus [*advancing hastily, and pretending not to see Demea*].
By Hercules, there is no living here,
For any one, at this rate.—I'd fain know
How many masters I'm to have—Oh monstrous!
Dem. What does he howl for? what's the meaning on't?
Hark ye, my good sir! prithee tell me if
My brother be at home *Syrus.* *My good sir!* Plague!
Why do you come with your *good sirs* to me?
I'm half kill'd. *Dem.* What's the matter? *Syrus.* What's the matter!
Ctesipho, vengeance on him, fell upon me,
And cudgell'd me and the poor music-girl
Almost to death. *Dem.* Indeed? *Syrus.* Indeed. Nay see

DE. Quam obrem? SY. Me inpulsore hanc emptam esse ait. DE. Non tu eum rus hinc modo
Produxe aibas? SY. Factum: verum venit post insaniens:
Nil pepercit. non puduisse verberare hominem senem!
Quem ego modo puerum tantillum in manibus gestavi meis.
DE. Laudo: Ctesipho, patrissas: abi, virum te iudico.
SY. Laudas? ne ille continebit posthac, si sapiet, manus.
DE. Fortiter. SY. Perquam, quia miseram mulierem et me servolum,
Qui referire non audebam, vicit: hui, perfortiter.
DE. Non potuit melius. idem quod ego sensit te esse huic rei caput.
Sed estne frater intus? SY. Non est. DE. Vbi illum inveniam cogito.
SY. Scio ubi sit, verum hodie numquam monstrabo. DE. Hem, quid ais? SY. Ita.
DE. Dimminuetur tibi quidem iam cerebrum. SY. At nomen nescio
Illius hominis, sed locum novi ubi sit. DE. Dic ergo locum.
SY. Nostin porticum apud macellum hac deorsum? DE. Quid ni noverim?
SY. Praeterito hac recta platea sursum: ubi eo veneris,
Clivos deorsum vorsum est: hac te praecipitato: postea
Est ad hanc manum sacellum: ibi angiportum propter est,
DE. Qua nam? SY. Illi ubi etiam caprificus magna est. DE. Novi. SY. Hac pergito.
DE. Id quidem angiportum non est pervium. SY. Verum hercle: vah,
Censen hominem me esse? erravi: in porticum rursum redi:

How he has cut my lip [*pretending to shew it*]. *Dem.* On what account?
Syrus. The girl, he says, was bought by my advice.
Dem. Did you not say you saw him out of town
A little while ago? *Syrus.* And so I did.
But he came back soon after, like a madman.
He had no mercy.—Was he not asham'd
To beat a poor old fellow? to beat me;
Who bore him in my arms but t'other day,
An urchin thus high? [*shewing*] *Dem.* Oh rare, Ctesipho!
Father's own son! a man, I warrant him.
Syrus. Oh rare, d'ye cry? I'faith, if he is wise
He'll hold his hands another time. *Dem.* Oh brave!
Syrus. Oh mighty brave, indeed! Because he beat
A helpless girl, and me a wretched slave,
Who durst not strike again;—oh, to be sure,
Mighty brave, truly! *Dem.* Oh, most exquisite!
My Ctesipho perceived, as well as I,
That you were the contriver of this business.
—But is my brother here? *Syrus.* Not he [*sulkily*]. *Dem.* I'm thinking
Where I shall seek him. *Syrus.* I know where he is:
But I'll not tell. *Dem.* How, sirrah? *Syrus.* Even so.
Dem. I'll break your head. *Syrus.* I cannot tell the name
Of him he's gone to, but I know the place.
Dem. Well, where's the place? *Syrus.* D'ye know the Portico
Just by the market, down this way? [*pointing*] *Dem.* I do.
Syrus. Go up that street; keep straight along: and then
You'll see a hill; go straight down that: and then
On this hand there's a chapel; and just by,
A narrow lane [*pointing*]. *Dem.* Where? [*looking*] *Syrus.* There! by the great wild fig-tree.
D'ye know it, sir? *Dem.* I do. *Syrus.* Go through that lane.
Dem. That lane's no thoroughfare. *Syrus.* Aye, very true:
No more it is, sir.—What a fool I am!
I was mistaken—You must go quite back

Sane hac multo propius ibis et minor est erratio.
Scin Cratini huius ditis aedes? DE. Scio. SY. Vbi eas praeterieris,
Ad sinistram hac recta platea; ubi ad Dianae veneris,
Ito ad dextram: prius quam ad portam venias, apud ipsum lacum
Est pistrilla et exadvorsum fabrica: ibist. DE. Quid ibi facit?
SY. Lectulos in sole ilignis pedibus faciundos dedit.
DE. Vbi potetis vos: bene sane. sed cesso ad eum pergere?
SY. I sane: ego te exercebo hodie, ut dignus es, silicernium.
Aeschinus odiose cessat: prandium corrumpitur:
Ctesipho autem in amorest totus. ego iam prospiciam mihi:
Nam iam adibo atque unum quicquid, quod quidem erit bellissumum,
Carpam et cyathos sorbilans paulatim hunc producam diem.

SCENA III.

MICIO. HEGIO.

MI. Ego in hac re nil reperio, quam obrem lauder tanto opere, Hegio.
Meum officium facio: quod peccatum a nobis ortumst corrigo.
Nisi si me in illo credidisti esse hominum numero, qui ita putant,
Sibi fieri iniuriam ultro, si quam fecere ipsi expostules,

Into the Portico; and after all,
This is the nearest and the safest way.
—D'ye know Cratinus' house? the rich man? *Dem.* Aye.
Syrus. When you've pass'd that, turn short upon the left,
Keep straight along that street, and when you reach
Diana's Temple, turn upon the right.
And then, on this side of the city gate,
Just by the pond, there is a baker's shop,
And opposite a joiner's.—There he is.
Dem. What business has he there? *Syrus.* He has bespoke
Some tables to be made with oaken legs
To stand the sun. *Dem.* For you to drink upon.
Oh brave! But I lose time. I'll after him. [*exit hastily.*

SYRUS *alone.*

Aye, go your ways! I'll work your old shrunk shanks
As you deserve, old Drybones!——Æschinus
Loiters intolerably. Dinner's spoil'd.
Ctesipho thinks of nothing but his girl.
'Tis time for me to look to myself too.
Faith, then I'll in immediately; pick out
All the tid-bits, and tossing off my cups,
In lazy leisure lengthen out the day. [*exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter MICIO *and* HEGIO.

Micio. I can see nothing in this matter, Hegio,
Wherein I merit so much commendation.
'Tis but my duty to redress the wrongs
That we have caus'd: unless perhaps you took me
For one of those, who, having injur'd you,
Term fair expostulation an affront;
And having first offended, are the first

Et ultro accusant : id quia non est a me factum, agis gratias?

HE. Ah, minume: numquam te aliter atque es in animum induxi meum.

Sed quaeso ut eadem quae mihi dixti tute dicas mulieri :
Nam et illic animum iam relevaris, quae dolore ac miseria
Tabescit, et tuo officio fueris functus. sed si aliter putas,
Egomet narrabo quae mihi dixti. MI. Immo ego ibo. HE. Bene facis:
Omnes, quibus res sunt minus secundae, magis sunt nescio quo modo
Suspitiosi : ad contumeliam omnia accipiunt magis :
Propter suam inpotentiam se semper credunt ludier.
Quapropter te ipsum purgare ipsi coram placabilius est.

MI. Et recte et verum dicis. HE. Sequere me ergo hac intro. MI. Maxume.

SCENA IV.

AESCHINVS.

Discrucior animi : hocine de inproviso mihi mali obici
Tantum, ut neque quid de me faciam nec quid agam certum siet!
Membra metu debilia sunt : animus timore
Obstipuit : pectore nil sistere consili quit.
Vah, quo modo hac me expediam turba? tanta nunc
Suspitio de me incidit :
Neque ea inmerito : Sostrata
Credit mihi me psaltriam hanc emisse : id anus mi indicium fecit.

To turn accusers.—I've not acted thus:
And is't for this that I am thank'd? *Hegio.* Ah, no;
I never thought you other than you are.
But let me beg you, Micio, go with me
To the young woman's mother, and repeat
Yourself to her what you have just told me:
You'll raise her spirit, drooping with the load
Of grief and misery, and have perform'd
Ev'ry good office of benevolence.
But if you like it not, I'll go myself,
And tell her the whole story. *Micio.* No, I'll go.
Hegio. 'Tis good and tender in your nature, Micio.
For they, whose fortunes are less prosperous,
Are all, I know not how, the more suspicious;
And deem themselves neglected and contemn'd,
Because of their distress and poverty.
Wherefore I think 'twould satisfy them more,
If you would clear up this affair yourself.
Micio. What you have said is just, and very true.
Hegio. Let me conduct you in! *Micio.* With all my heart. [*exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

ÆSCHINUS *alone.*

Oh torture to my mind! that this misfortune
Should come thus unexpectedly upon me!
I know not what to do, which way to turn.
Fear shakes my limbs, amazement fills my soul,
And in my breast despair shuts out all counsel.
Ah, by what means can I acquit myself?
Such a suspicion is now fallen on me;
And that too grounded on appearances.
Sostrata thinks that on my own account
I bought the music-girl. That's plain enough

Exclamat 'abi abi: iam, Aeschine,
Satis diu dedisti verba: sat adhuc tua nos frustratast fides.'
'Hem, quid istuc obsecro' inquam 'est?' 'valeas, habeas illam quae placet.'
Sensi ilico id illas suspicari: sed reprendi me tamen,
Nequid de fratre garrulae illi dicerem ac fieret palam.
Nunc quid faciam? dicam fratris esse hanc? quod minumest opus
Vsquam efferri: ac mitto: fieri potis est ut nequa exeat.
Ipsum id metuo ut credant: tot concurrunt veri similia:
Egomet rapui: ipse egomet solvi argentum: ad me abductast domum.
Haec adeo mea culpa fateor fieri. non me hanc rem patri,
Vt ut erat gesta, indicasse! exorassem ut eam ducerem.
Cessatum usque adhuc est: nunc porro, Aeschine, expergiscere:
Nunc hoc primumst: ad illas ibo, ut purgem me. accedam ad fores.
Perii: horresco semper, ubi pultare hasce occipio miser.
Heus heus: Aeschinus ego sum. aperite aliquis actutum ostium.
Prodit nescio quis: concedam huc.

From the old nurse, who cries, "Away, away,
Away, you have deceiv'd us long enough,
Fool'd us long enough with your fine promises."
Thus she.—"What now?" says I.—"Farewell, and keep
The girl that you're so taken with!"—I saw
Immediately their cause of jealousy:
Yet I contain'd myself, nor would disclose
My brother's business to a tattling gossip,
By whom the knowledge on't might be betray'd.
—But what shall I do now? shall I confess
The girl to be my brother's; an affair
Which should by no means be reveal'd?—But not
To dwell on that.—Perhaps they'd not disclose it.
Nay, I much doubt if they would credit it:
So many proofs concur against myself.——
I bore her off: I paid the money down;
She was brought home to me.—All this, I own,
Is my own fault. For should I not have told
My father, be it as it might, the whole?
I should, I doubt not, have obtain'd his leave
To marry Pamphila.—What indolence
Ev'n till this hour! Now, Æschinus, awake!
—But first I'll go, and clear myself to them.
I'll to the door [*goes up*]. Confusion! how I tremble!
How guilty-like I seem, when I approach
This house! [*knocks*] Hola! within! 'Tis I;
'Tis Æschinus. Come, open somebody
The door immediately!—Who's here? A stranger!
I'll step aside. [*retires.*

SCENA V.

Micio. Aeschinvs.

Mi. Ita uti dixi, Sostrata,
Facite: ego Aeschinum conveniam, ut quo modo acta haec sunt sciat.
Sed quis ostium hoc pultavit? Ae. Pater hercle est, perii. Mi. Aeschine,
Ae. Quid huic hic negotist? Mi. tune has pepulisti fores?
Tacet. cur non ludo hunc aliquantisper? melius est,
Quandoquidem hoc numquam mi ipse voluit dicere.
Nil mihi respondes? Ae. Non equidem istas, quod sciam.
Mi. Ita: nam mirabar, quid hic negoti esset tibi.
Erubuit: salva res est. Ae. Dic sodes, pater,
Tibi vero quid istic est rei? Mi. Nil est mihi quidem.
Amicus quidam me a foro abduxit modo
Huc advocatum sibi. Ae. Quid? Mi. Ego dicam tibi:
Habitant hic quaedam mulieres pauperculae:
Vt opinor has non nosse te, et certo scio:
Neque enim diu huc commigrarunt. Ae. Quid tum postea?
Mi. Virgo est cum matre. Ae. Perge. Mi. Haec virgo orbast patre:
Hic meus amicus illi generest proxumus:
Huic leges cogunt nubere hanc. Ae. Perii. Mi. Quid est?
Quid lacrumas? Ae. Pater, obsecro, ausculta. Mi. Aeschine, audivi omnia
Et scio: nam te amo: quo magis quae agis curae sunt mihi.
Ae. Ita velim me promerentem ames, dum vivas, mi pater,
Vt me hoc delictum admisisse in me, id mihi vementer dolet

SCENE V.

Enter MICIO.

Micio [*to Sostrata within*]. Do as I have told you, Sostrata.
I'll find out Æschinus, and tell him all.
—But who knock'd at the door? [*coming forward.*

Æsch. [*behind*] By heav'n, my father!
Confusion! *Micio* [*seeing him*]. Æschinus! *Æsch.* What does he here? [*aside.*

Micio. Was't you that knock'd? What, not a word! Suppose
I banter him a little. He deserves it,
For never trusting this affair to me. [*aside.*
—Why don't you speak? *Æsch.* Not I, as I remember. [*disordered.*

Micio. No, I dare say, not you: for I was wond'ring
What business could have brought you here.—He blushes.
All's safe, I find [*aside*]. *Æsch.* [*recovering*] But prithee, tell me, sir,
What brought you here? *Micio.* No business of my own.
But a friend drew me hither from the Forum,
To be his advocate. *Æsch.* In what? *Micio.* I'll tell you.
This house is tenanted by some poor women,
Whom, I believe, you know not;—nay, I'm sure on't,
For 'twas but lately they came over hither.

Æsch. Well? *Micio.* A young woman and her mother. *Æsch.* Well?

Micio. The father's dead.—This friend of mine, it seems,
Being her next relation by the law,
Is forc'd to marry her. *Æsch.* Confusion! [*aside*] *Micio.* How?
What's this? Ha! why those tears?

Æsch. Father, beseech you, hear me! *Micio.* Æschinus,
I have heard all, and I know all already;
For I do love you; wherefore all your actions
Touch me the more. *Æsch.* So may you ever love me,
And so may I deserve your love, my father,
As I am sorry to have done this fault,

Et me tui pudet. MI. Credo hercle: nam ingenium novi tuom
Liberale: sed vereor ne indiligens nimium sies.
Numquid circumspexti? aut numquid tute prospexti tibi?
Nolim ceterarum rerum te socordem eodem modo.
Bono animo es, adduc uxorem huc. AE. Hem. MI. Bono,
inquam, animo es. AE. Pater,
Obsecro, num ludis tu nunc me? MI. Ego te? quam obrem? AE.
Nescio:
Quia tam misere hoc esse cupio verum, eo vereor magis.
MI. Abi domum ac deos comprecare, ut uxorem arcessas: abi.
AE. Tu potius deos comprecare: nam tibi eos certo scio,
Quo vir melior multo es quam ego, obtemperaturos magis.
MI. Ego eo intro, ut quae opus sunt parentur: tu fac ut dixi, si sapis.
AE. Quid hoc est negoti? hoc est patrem esse aut hoc est filium esse?
Si frater aut sodalis esset, qui magis morem gereret?

SCENA VI.

DEMEA.

DE. Defessus sum ambulando: ut, Syre, te cum tua
Monstratione magnus perdat Iuppiter!
Perreptavi usque omne oppidum: ad portam, ad lacum,
Quo non? neque illic fabrica erat neque fratrem homo
Vidisse se aibat quisquam. nunc vero domi
Certum obsidere est usque, donec redierit.

And am asham'd to see you! *Micio.* I believe it;
For well I know you have a liberal mind:
But I'm afraid you are too negligent,
You took too small precaution. Nor consider'd
What should be done, or how. I would not have you
Thus negligent in other matters.——Come,
Cheer up, son! you shall keep her. *Æsch.* How! *Micio.* Cheer up,
I say! *Æsch.* Nay, prithee, do not mock me, father!
Micio. Mock you? I? wherefore? *Æsch.* I don't know; unless
That I so much desire it may be true,
I therefore fear it more. *Micio.* ——Away; go home;
And pray the Gods, that you may call your wife.
Away! *Æsch.* Nay you, sir, rather pray the Gods;
For, being a much better man than I,
They will the sooner hear your pray'rs. *Micio.* I'll in,
To see the needful preparations made.
You, if you're wise, do as I said. [*exit.*

ÆSCHINUS *alone.*

How's this?
Is this to be a father? Or is this
To be a son?—Were he my friend or brother,
Could he be more complacent to my wish?

SCENE VI.

DEMEA *alone.*

I'm tir'd with walking.—Jove confound you, Syrus
You and your blind directions! I have crawl'd
All the town over: to the gate; the pond;
Where not? No sign of any shop was there,
Nor any person who had seen my brother.
—Now I'll in therefore, and set up my rest
In his own house, till he comes home again. [*going.*

SCENA VII.

MICIO. DEMEA.

MI. Ibo, illis dicam nullam esse in nobis moram.
DE. Sed eccum ipsum: te iam dudum quaero, Micio.
MI. Quid nam? DE. Fero alia flagitia ad te ingentia
Boni illius adulescentis. MI. Ecce autem. DE. Nova,
Capitalia. MI. Ohe iam. DE. Nescis qui vir sit. MI. Scio.
DE. O stulte, tu de psaltria me somnias
Agere: hoc peccatum in virginemst civem. MI. Scio.
DE. Oho, scis et patere? MI. Quid ni patiar? DE. Dic mihi,
Non clamas? non insanis? MI. Non: malim quidem—
DE. Puer natust. MI. Di bene vortant. DE. Virgo nil habet.
MI. Audivi. DE. Et duxit indotatam. MI. Scilicet.
DE. Quid nunc futurumst? MI. Id enim quod res ipsa fert:
Illinc huc transferetur virgo. DE. O Iuppiter,
Istocine pacto oportet? MI. Quid faciam amplius?
DE. Quid facias? si non ipsa re tibi istuc dolet,
Simulare certe est hominis. MI. Quin iam virginem
Adduxi: factae iam fuere nuptiae.
Dempsi metum omnem: haec magis sunt hominis. DE. Ceterum
Placet tibi factum, Micio? MI. Non, si queam
Mutare. nunc cum non queo, animo aequo fero.
Ita vitast hominum, quasi cum ludas tesseris,
Si illud quod maxume opus est iactu non cadit,
Illud quod cecidit forte, id arte ut corrigas.
DE. Corrector: nempe tua arte viginti minae

SCENE VII.

Enter MICIO.

Micio. I'll go, and let the women know we're ready.
Dem. But here he is.—I have long sought you, Micio.
Micio. What now? *Dem.* I bring you more offences—great ones—
Of that sweet youth!——*Micio.* See there! *Dem.* New; capital!
Micio. Nay, nay, no more! *Dem.* Ah, you don't know——*Micio.* I do.
Dem. O fool, you think I mean the music-girl.
This is a sin against a citizen.
Micio. I know it. *Dem.* How? d'ye know it, and endure it?
Micio. Why not endure it? *Dem.* Tell me, don't you rave?
Don't you go mad? *Micio.* No: to be sure I'd rather——
Dem. There's a child born. *Micio.* Heaven bless it! *Dem.* And the girl
Has nothing. *Micio.* I have heard so. *Dem.* And has he
Thus married her without a fortune? *Micio.* Ay.
Dem. What's to be done then? *Micio.* What the case requires.
The girl shall be brought over here. *Dem.* O Jove!
Can that be proper? *Micio.* What can I do else?
Dem. What can you do!—If you're not really griev'd,
It were at least your duty to appear so.
Micio. The thing is settled: they are man and wife;
And all their apprehensions I've remov'd.
This is still more my duty. *Dem.* Are you pleas'd then
With this adventure, Micio? *Micio.* Not at all,
If I could help it: now 'tis past all cure
I bear it patiently. The life of man
Is like a game at tables. If the cast
Which is most necessary be not thrown,
That which chance sends you must correct by art.
Dem. O rare *Corrector!*—By your *art* no less

Pro psaltria periere : quae quantum potest
Aliquo abiciendast, si non pretio, gratiis.
Mi. Neque est neque illam sane studeo vendere.
De. Quid igitur facies? Mi. Domi erit. De. Pro divom fidem.
Mi. Cur non? De. Sanumne credis te esse? Mi. Equidem arbitror.
De. Ita me di ament, ut video tuam ego ineptiam,
Facturum credo, ut habeas quicum cantites.
Mi. Cur non? De. Et nova nupta eadem haec discet. Mi. Scilicet.
De. Tu inter eas restim ductans saltabis. Mi. Probe.
De. Probe? Mi. Et tu nobiscum una, si opus sit. De. Ei mihi.
Non te haec pudent? Mi. Iam vero omitte, Demea,
Tuam istam iracundiam, atque ita ut hodie decet
Hilarum ac lubentem fac te gnati in nuptiis.
Ego hos conveniam : post huc redeo. De. O Iuppiter,
Hancine vitam! hoscin mores! hanc dementiam!

ACTVS V.—SCENA I.

Syrvs. Demea.

Sy. Edepol, Syrisce, te curasti molliter
Lauteque munus administrasti tuom.
Abi. sed postquam intus sum omnium rerum satur,
Prodeambulare huc lubitumst. De. Illud sis vide
Exemplum disciplinae. Sy. Ecce autem hic adest
Senex noster. quid fit? quid tu es tristis? De. Oh scelus.
Sy. Ohe iam : tu verba fundis hic, sapientia?

Than twenty minæ have been thrown away
On yonder music-girl; who out of hand
Must be sent packing; if no buyer, gratis.
Micio. Not in the least; nor do I mean to sell her.
Dem. What will you do then! *Micio.* Keep her in my house.
Dem. In your house! *Micio.* Why not? *Dem.* Have you then your wits?
Micio. Truly I think so. *Dem.* Now, so help me heav'n,
Seeing your folly, I believe you keep her,
To sing with you. *Micio.* Why not? *Dem.* And the young bride
Shall be her pupil? *Micio.* To be sure. *Dem.* And you
Dance hand in hand with them? *Micio.* Ay. *Dem.* Ay? *Micio.* And you
Make one amongst us too upon occasion.
Dem. Ah! are you not asham'd on't? *Micio.* Patience, Demea!
Lay by your wrath, and seem, as it becomes you,
Cheerful and free of heart that your son's wed
—I'll but speak with the bride and Sostrata,
And then return to you immediately. [*exit.*
Dem. Jove, what a life! what manners! what distraction!

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enters at a distance SYRUS *drunk.*

Syrus [*to himself*]. Faith, little Syrus, you've ta'en special care
Of your sweet self, and played your part most rarely.
—Well, go your ways:—but having had my fill
Of ev'ry thing within, I've now march'd forth
To take a turn or two abroad. *Dem.* [*behind*] Look there!
A pattern of instruction! *Syrus* [*seeing him*]. But see there:
Yonder's old Demea [*going up to him*]. What's the matter now?
And why so melancholy? *Dem.* O thou villain!
Syrus. What! are you spouting sentences, old wisdom?

De. Tu si meus esses——Sy. Dis quidem esses, Demea,
Ac tuam rem constabilisses. De. Exemplo omnibus
Curarem ut esses. Sy. Quam obrem? quid feci? De. Rogas?
In ipsa turba atque in peccato maxumo,
Quod vix sedatum satis est, potasti, scelus,
Quasi re bene gesta. Sy. Sane nollem huc exitum.

SCENA II.

Dromo. Syrvs. Demea.

Dr. Heus Syre, rogat te Ctesipho ut redeas. Sy. Abi.
De. Quid Ctesiphonem hic narrat? Sy. Nil. De. Eho, carnufex,
Est Ctesipho intus? Sy. Non est. De. Cur hic nominat?
Sy. Est alius quidam, parasitaster paululus:
Nostin? De. Iam scibo. Sy. Quid agis? quo abis? De. Mitte me.
Sy. Noli inquam. De. Non manum abstines, mastigia?
An tibi iam mavis cerebrum dispergam hic? Sy. Abit,
Edepol commissatorem haud sane commodum,
Praesertim Ctesiphoni. quid ego nunc agam?
Nisi, dum hae silescunt turbae, interea in angulum
Aliquo abeam atque edormiscam hoc villi. sic agam.

Dem. Were you my servant—— *Syrus.* You'd be plaguey rich,
And settle your affairs most wonderfully.
Dem. I'd make you an example. *Syrus.* Why? for what?
Dem. Why, sirrah?—In the midst of the disturbance,
And in the heat of a most heavy crime,
While all is yet confusion, you've got drunk,
As if for joy, you rascal! *Syrus.* Why the plague
Did I not keep within? [*aside.*

SCENE II.

Enter DROMO *hastily.*

Dromo. Here! hark ye, Syrus!
Ctesipho begs that you'd come back. *Syrus.* Away! [*pushes him off.*
Dem. What's this he says of Ctesipho? *Syrus.* Pshaw! nothing.
Dem. How! dog, is Ctesipho within? *Syrus.* Not he.
Dem. Why does he name him then? *Syrus.* It is another,
Of the same name—a little parasite—
D'ye know him? *Dem.* But I will immediately. [*going.*
Syrus [*stopping him*]. What now? where now? *Dem.* Let me alone.
Syrus. Don't go! [*struggling.*
Dem. Hands off! what won't you? must I brain you, rascal?
[*disengages himself from Syrus, and exit.*
Syrus. He's gone—gone in—and faith no welcome roarer—
Especially to Ctesipho.—But what
Can I do now; unless till this blows over,
I sneak into some corner, and sleep off
This wine that lies upon my head?—I'll do't. [*exit reeling.*

SCENA III.

MICIO. DEMEA.

MI. Parata a nobis sunt, ita ut dixi, Sostrata,
Vbi vis. quis nam a me pepulit tam graviter fores?
DE. Ei mihi, quid faciam? quid agam? quid clamem aut querar?
MI. Rescivit omnem rem: id nunc clamat scilicet:
Paratae lites: succurrendumst. DE. Eccum adest
Communis corruptela nostrum liberum.
MI. Tandem reprime iracundiam atque ad te redi.
DE. Repressi, redii, mitto maledicta omnia:
Rem ipsam putemus. dictum hoc inter nos fuit
(Ex te adeost ortum), ne tu curares meum
Neve ego tuom? responde. MI. Factumst, non nego.
DE. Cur nunc apud te potat? cur recipis meum?
Quando ego tuom non curo, ne cura meum.
MI. Non aequom dicis. DE. Non? MI. Nam vetus verbum hoc quidemst,
Communia esse amicorum inter se omnia.
DE. Facete: nunc demum istaec nata oratiost.
MI. Ausculta paucis, nisi molestumst, Demea.
Principio, si id te mordet, sumptum filii
Quem faciunt, quaeso hoc facito tecum cogites:
Tu illos duo olim pro re tollebas tua,

SCENE III.

Enter MICIO *from* SOSTRATA.

Micio [*to Sostrata within*]. All is prepar'd: and we are ready, Sostrata,
As I have already told you, when you please. [*comes forward.*
But who's this forces open our street-door
With so much violence?

Enter DEMEA *on the other side.*

Dem. Confusion! death!
What shall I do? or how resolve? where vent
My cries and exclamations on this business?
Micio [*behind*]. So! all's discover'd: that's the thing he raves at.
—Now for a quarrel! I must help the boy.
Dem. [*seeing him*]. Oh, there's the grand corrupter of our children!
Micio. Appease your wrath, and be yourself again;
Dem. Well, I've appeas'd it; I'm myself again;
I spare reproaches; let us to the the point!
It was agreed between us, and it was
Your own proposal too, that you should never
Concern yourself with Ctesipho, nor I
With Æschinus. Say, was't not so? *Micio.* It was.
I don't deny it. *Dem.* Why does Ctesipho
Revel with you then? Why do you receive him?
Since I do not concern myself with your's,
Meddle not you with mine! *Micio.* This is not fair;
Indeed it is not. Think on the old saying,
"All things are common among friends." *Dem.* How smart!
Put off with puffs and sentences at last!
Micio. Nay, hear me, if you can have patience, Demea.
—First, if you're griev'd at their extravagance,
Let this reflection calm you! Formerly
You bred them both according to your fortune,

Quod satis putabas tua bona ambobus fore,
Et me tum uxorem credidisti scilicet
Ducturum: eandem illam rationem antiquam obtine:
Conserva, quaere, parce, fac quam plurimum
Illis relinquas: gloriam tu istam obtine.
Mea, quae praeter spem evenere, utantur sine.
DE. Mitto rem: consuetudinem ipsorum. MI. Mane:
Scio: istuc ibam. multa in homine, Demea,
Signa insunt, ex quibus coniectura facile fit,
Duo cum idem faciunt, saepe ut possis dicere
'Hoc licet inpune facere huic, illi non licet,'
Non quo dissimilis res sit, sed quo is qui facit.
Quae ego inesse in illis video, ut confidam fore
Ita ut volumus. video eos sapere, intellegere, in loco
Vereri, inter se amare: scire est liberum
Ingenium atque animum. quo vis illos tu die
Redducas. at enim metuas, ne ab re sint tamen
Omissiores paulo. O noster Demea,
Ad omnia alia aetate sapimus rectius:
Solum unum hoc vitium fert senectus hominibus:
Attentiores sumus ad rem omnes, quam sat est:
Quod illos sat aetas acuet. DE. Ne nimium modo
Bonae tuae istae nos rationes, Micio,
Et tuos iste animus aequos subvortat. MI. Tace:
Non fiet. mitte iam istaec: da te hodie mihi:
Exporge frontem. DE. Scilicet ita tempus fert,

Supposing it sufficient for them both:
Then too you thought that I should take a wife.
Still follow the old rule you then laid down:
Hoard, scrape, and save; do ev'ry thing you can
To leave them nobly! Be that glory your's.
My fortune, fall'n beyond their hopes upon them,
If they use freely, they commit no sin.
Dem. Money is not the thing: their morals—— *Micio.* Hold!
I understand; and meant to speak of that.
There are in nature sundry marks, good Demea,
By which you may conjecture easily,
That when two persons do the self-same thing,
It oftentimes falls out, that in the one
'Tis criminal, in t'other 'tis not so:
Not that the thing itself is different,
But he who does it.—In these youths I see
The marks of virtue; and, I trust, they'll prove
Such as we wish them. They have sense, I know;
Attention; in its season, liberal shame;
And fondness for each other; all sure signs
Of an ingenuous mind and noble nature:
And though they stray, you may at any time
Reclaim them.—But perhaps you fear they'll prove
Too inattentive to their interest.
O my dear Demea, in all matters else
Increase of years increases wisdom in us:
This only vice age brings along with it;
"We're all more worldly-minded than there's need:"
Which passion age, that kills all passions else,
Will ripen in your sons too. *Dem.* Have a care
That these fine arguments and this great mildness
Don't prove the ruin of us, Micio. *Micio.* Peace!
It shall not be: away with all your fears!
This day be ruled by me: come, smooth your brow.

Faciundumst: ceterum rus cras cum filio
Cum primo luci ibo hinc. Mi. De nocte censeo:
Hodie modo hilarum fac te. De. Et istam psaltriam
Vna illuc mecum hinc abstraham. Mi. Pugnaveris.
Eo pacto prorsum illi adligaris filium.
Modo facito ut illam serves. De. Ego istuc videro
Atque ibi favillae plena, fumi ac pollinis
Coquendo sit faxo et molendo: praeter haec
Meridie ipso faciam ut stipulam colligat;
Tam excoctam reddam atque atram quam carbost. Mi. Placet;
De. Derides? fortunatu's, qui isto animo sies:
Ego sentio. Mi. Ah, pergisne? De. Iam iam desino.
Mi. I ergo intro, et cui rei est, ei rei hunc sumamus diem.

SCENA IV.

Demea.

Numquam ita quisquam bene subducta ratione ad vitam fuit,
Quin res aetas usus semper aliquid adportet novi,
Aliquid moneat: ut illa quae te scire credas nescias,
Et quae tibi putaris prima, in experiundo ut repudies.
Quod nunc mi evenit: nam ego vitam duram, quam vixi usque adhuc,
Prope iam excurso spatio mitto. id quam obrem? re ipsa repperi
Facilitate nil esse homini melius neque clementia.
Id esse verum ex me atque ex fratre cuivis facilest noscere.
Ille suam egit semper vitam in otio, in conviviis,
Clemens, placidus, nulli laedere os, adridere omnibus:

Dem. Well, since at present things are so, I must;
But then I'll to the country with my son
To-morrow, at first peep of day. *Micio.* At midnight,
So you'll but smile to-day. *Dem.* And that girl too
I'll drag away with me. *Micio.* Aye; there you've hit it.
For by that means you'll keep your son at home;
Do but secure her. *Dem.* I'll see that: for there
I'll put her in the kitchen and the mill,
And make her full of ashes, smoke, and meal:
Nay at high noon too she shall gather stubble.
I'll burn her up, and make her black as coal.
Micio. Ah! now your wise, that's only right and fair.
Dem. D'ye laugh at me? how happy in your temper!
I feel—— *Micio.* Ah! that again? *Dem.* I've done. *Micio.* In then!
And let us suit our humour to the time. [*exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

DEMEA *alone.*

Never did man lay down so fair a plan,
So wise a rule of life, but fortune, age,
Or long experience made some change in it;
And taught him, that those things he thought he knew
He did not know, and what he held as best,
In practice he threw by. The very thing
That happens to myself. For that hard life
Which I have ever led, my race near run,
Now in the last stage I renounce: and why?
But that by dear experience I've been told,
There's nothing so advantages a man
As mildness and complacency. Of this
My brother and myself are living proofs:
He always led an easy, cheerful life;
Good humour'd, mild, offending nobody,

Sibi vixit: sibi sumptum fecit; omnes bene dicunt, amant.
Ego ille agrestis, saevos, tristis, parcus, truculentus, tenax
Duxi uxorem: quam ibi miseriam vidi! nati filii,
Alia cura: heia autem, dum studeo illis ut quam plurimum
Facerem, contrivi in quaerundo vitam atque aetatem meam:
Nunc exacta aetate hoc fructi pro labore ab eis fero,
Odium: ille alter sine labore patria potitur commoda.
Illum amant, me fugitant: illi credunt consilia omnia,
Illum diligunt, apud illum sunt ambo, ego desertus sum:
Illum ut vivat optant, meam autem mortem expectant scilicet.
Ita eos meo labore eductos maxumo hic fecit suos
Paulo sumptu: miseriam omnem ego capio, hic potitur gaudia.
Age age nunciam experiamur contra, ecquid ego possiem
Blande dicere aut benigne facere, quando hoc provocat.
Ego quoque a meis me amari et magni pendi postulo
Si id fit dando atque obsequendo, non posteriores feram.
Deerit: id mea minume re fert, qui sum natu maxumus.

SCENA V.

SYRVS. DEMEA.

SY. Heus Demea, orat frater ne abeas longius.
DE. Quis homo? O Syre noster, salve: quid fit? quid agitur?

Smiling on all; a jovial bachelor,
His whole expences center'd in himself.
I on the contrary, rough, rigid, cross,
Saving, morose, and thrifty, took a wife:
—What miseries did marriage bring!—had children;
—A new uneasiness!—and then besides,
Striving all ways to make a fortune for them,
I have worn out my prime of life and health:
And now, my course near finish'd, what return
Do I receive for all my toil? Their hate.
Meanwhile my brother, without any care,
Reaps all a father's comforts. Him they love,
Me they avoid: to him they open all
Their secret counsels; doat on him; and both
Repair to him; while I am quite forsaken.
His life they pray for, but expect my death.
Thus those, brought up by my exceeding labour,
He, at a small expence, has made his own:
The care all mine, and all the pleasure his.
—Well then, let me endeavour in my turn
To teach my tongue civility, to give
With open-handed generosity,
Since I am challeng'd to't!—and let me too
Obtain the love and reverence of my children!
And if 'tis bought by bounty and indulgence,
I will not be behind-hand.—Cash will fail:
What's that to me, who am the eldest born?

SCENE V.

Enter SYRUS.

Syrus. O sir! your brother has dispatch'd me to you
To beg you'd not go further off. *Dem.* Who's there?——
What, honest Syrus! save you: how is't with you?

SY. Recte. DE. Optumest. iam nunc haec tria primum addidi
Praeter naturam: 'O noster, quid fit? quid agitur?'
Servom haud inliberalem praebes te, et tibi
Lubens bene faxim. SY. Gratiam habeo. DE. Atqui, Syre,
Hoc verumst et re ipsa experiere propediem.

SCENA VI.

GETA. DEMEA.

GE. Era, ego huc ad hos proviso, quam mox virginem
Arcessant. sed eccum Demeam. salvos sies.
DE. O qui vocare? GE. Geta. DE. Geta, hominem maxumi
Preti te esse hodie iudicavi animo meo:
Nam is mihi profectost servos spectatus satis,
Cui dominus curaest, ita uti tibi sensi, Geta,
Et tibi ob eam rem, siquid usus venerit,
Lubens bene faxim. meditor esse adfabilis,
Et bene procedit. GE. Bonus es, cum haec existumas.
DE. Paulatim plebem primulum facio meam.

SCENA VII.

AESCHINVS. DEMEA. SYRVS. GETA.

DE. Quid agitur, Aeschine? AE. Ehem, pater mi, tu hic eras?
DE. Tuos hercle vero et animo et natura pater,
Qui te amat plus quam hosce oculos. sed cur non domum
Vxorem arcessis? AE. Cupio: verum hoc mihi moraest:

How goes it? *Syrus.* Very well, sir. *Demea* [*aside*]. Excellent!
Now for the first time, I, against my nature,
Have added these three phrases, "Honest Syrus!
How is't?—How goes it?"—[*to Syrus*] You have prov'd yourself
A worthy servant. I'll reward you for it.
Syrus. I thank you, sir. *Dem.* I will, I promise you;
And you shall be convinc'd on't very soon.

SCENE VI.

Enter GETA.

Geta [*to Sostrata within*]. Madam, I'm going to look after them,
That they may call the bride immediately.
——But here is Demea. Save you! *Dem.* Oh! your name!
Geta. Geta, sir. *Dem.* Geta, I this day have found you
To be a fellow of uncommon worth:
For sure that servant's faith is well approv'd
Who holds his master's interest at heart,
As I perceived that you did, Geta! wherefore,
Soon as occasion offers, I'll reward you.
—I am endeavouring to be affable,
And not without success [*aside*]. *Geta.* 'Tis kind in you
To think of your poor slave, sir. *Dem.* [*aside*] First of all
I court the mob, and win them by degrees.

SCENE VII.

Enter ÆSCHINUS.

Dem. How does my son? *Æsch.* My father! are you here?
Dem. Ay, by affection, and by blood your father,
Who love you better than my eyes.—But why
Do you not call the bride? *Æsch.* 'Tis what I long for:

Tibicina et hymenaeum qui cantent. De. Eho,
Vin tu huic seni auscultare? Ae. Quid? De. Missa haec face,
Hymenaeum turbas lampadas tibicinas,
Atque hanc in horto maceriam iube dirui
Quantum potest: hac transfer: unam fac domum:
Traduce et matrem et familiam omnem ad nos. Ae. Placet,
Pater lepidissume. De. Eugae, iam lepidus vocor.
Fratri aedes fient perviae, turbam domum
Adducet, sumptu amittet multa: quid mea?
Ego lepidus ineo gratiam. iube nunciam
Dinumeret ille Babylo viginti minas
Syre, cessas ire ac facere? Sy. Quid ego? De. Dirue.
Tu illas abi et traduce. Ge. Di tibi, Demea,
Bene faciant, cum te video nostrae familiae
Tam ex animo factum velle. De. Dignos arbitror.

SCENA VIII.

Micio. Demea. Aeschinvs.

Mi. Iubet frater? ubi is est? tun iubes hoc, Demea?
De. Ego vero iubeo et hac re et aliis omnibus
Quam maxume unam facere nos hanc familiam,
Colere adiuvare adiungere. Ae. Ita quaeso, pater.
Mi. Haud aliter censeo. De. Immo hercle ita nobis decet:
Primum huius uxorist mater. Mi. Est. quid postea?
De. Proba et modesta. Mi. Ita aiunt. De. Natu grandior;

But wait the music and the singers. *Dem.* Pshaw!
Will you for once be rul'd by an old fellow?
Æsch. Well? *Dem.* Ne'er mind singers, company, lights, music;
But tell them to throw down the garden-wall,
As soon as possible. Convey the bride
That way, and lay both houses into one.
Bring too the mother, and the whole family,
Over to us. *Æsch.* I will. O charming father!
Dem. [*aside*] Charming! See there! he calls me *charming* now.
—My brother's house will be a thoroughfare;
Throng'd with whole crowds of people; much expense
Will follow; very much: what's that to me?
I am call'd *charming*, and get into favour.
—Ho? order Babylo immediately
To pay him twenty minæ.—Prithee Syrus,
Why don't you execute your orders? *Syrus.* What?
Dem. Down with the wall!—(*exit Syrus*)—You, Geta, go and bring
The ladies over. *Geta.* Heaven bless you, Demea,
For all your friendship to our family! [*exit Geta.*
Dem. They're worthy of it—[*to Æschinus*] Here comes Micio.

SCENE VIII.

Enter MICIO.

Micio [*at entering*]. My brother order it, d'ye say? where is he?
—Was this your order, Demea? *Dem.* 'Twas my order:
And by this means, and every other way,
I would unite, serve, cherish, and oblige,
And join the family to our's! *Æsch.* Pray do, sir! [*to Micio.*
Micio. I don't oppose it. *Dem.* Nay, but 'tis our duty.
First, there's the mother of the bride—— *Micio.* What then?
Dem. Worthy and modest. *Micio.* So they say. *Dem.* In years.

Nec qui eam respiciat quisquam est: solast. Mi. Quam hic rem agit?
De. Hanc te aequomst ducere, et te operam ut fiat dare.
Mi. Me ducere autem? De. Te. Mi. Me? De. Te inquam. Mi. Ineptis. De. Si tu sis homo,
Hic faciat. Ae. Mi pater. Mi. Quid tu autem huic, asine, auscultas? De. Nil agis:
Fieri aliter non potest. Mi. Deliras. Ae. Sine te exorem, mi pater.
Mi. Insanis: aufer. De. Age, da veniam filio. Mi. Satin sanus es?
Ego novos maritus anno demum quinto et sexagensumo
Fiam atque anum decrepitam ducam? idne estis auctores mihi?
Ae. Fac: promisi ego illis. Mi. Promisti autem? de te largitor, puer.
De. Age, quid siquid te maius oret? Mi. Quasi non hoc sit maxumum.
De. Da veniam. Ae. Ne gravere. De. Fac, promitte. Mi. Non omittitis?
Ae. Non, nisi te exorem. Mi. Vis est haec quidem. De. Age prolixe, Micio.
Mi. Etsi hoc mihi pravom ineptum absurdum atque alienum a vita mea
Videtur: si vos tanto opere istuc voltis, fiat. Ae. Bene facis.
De. Merito tuo te amo. verum—Mi. Quid? De. Ego dicam, hoc cum fit quod volo.
Mi. Quid nunc? quid restat? De. Hegio cognatus his est proxumus,
Adfinis nobis, pauper: bene nos aliquid facere illi decet
Mi. Quid facere? De. Agellist hic sub urbe paulum quod locitas foras:
Huic demus qui fruatur. Mi. Paulum id autemst? De. Si multumst, tamen
Faciundumst: pro patre huic est, bonus est, noster est, recte datur.
Postremo non meum illud verbum facio, quod tu, Micio,

With none to comfort her. *Micio.* What means all this?
Dem. This woman 'tis your place to marry, brother;
—And your's [*to Æsch.*] to bring him to't. *Micio.* I marry her?
Dem. You. *Micio.* I? *Dem.* Yes, you I say. *Micio.* Ridiculous!
Dem. [*to Æsch.*] If you're a man, he'll do't. *Æsch.* [*to Micio*] Dear father! *Micio.* How!
Do you then join him, fool? *Dem.* Nay, don't deny.
It can't be otherwise. *Micio.* You've lost your senses!
Æsch. Let me prevail upon you, sir! *Micio.* You're mad.
Away! *Dem.* Oblige your son. *Micio.* Have you your wits?
I a new married man at sixty-five!
And marry a decrepit poor old woman!
Is that what you advise me? *Æsch.* Do it, sir!
I've promised them. *Micio.* You've promised them, indeed!
Prithee, boy, promise for yourself. *Dem.* Come, come!
What if he ask'd still more of you? *Micio.* As if
This was not ev'n the utmost. *Dem.* Nay, comply!
Æsch. Be not obdurate! *Dem.* Come, come, promise him.
Micio. Won't you desist? *Æsch.* No, not till I prevail.
Micio. This is mere force. *Dem.* Nay, nay, comply, good Micio!
Micio. Though this appears to me absurd, wrong, foolish,
And quite repugnant to my scheme of life,
Yet, if you're so much bent on't, let it be!
Æsch. Obliging father, worthy my best love!
Dem. [*aside*] What now?—This answers to my wish. What more?
—Hegio's their kinsman, [*to Micio*] our relation too,
And very poor. We should do him some service.
Micio. Do what? *Dem.* There is a little piece of ground,
Which you let out near town. Let's give it him
To live upon. *Micio.* So little, do you call it?
Dem. Well, if 'tis large, let's give it. He has been
Father to her; a good man; our relation.
It will be given worthily. In short,
That saying, Micio, I now make my own,

Bene et sapienter dixti dudum: 'vitium commune omniumst,
Quod nimium ad rem in senecta attenti sumus'? hanc maculam nos decet
Effugere: dictumst vere et re ipsa fieri oportet. AE. Mi pater.
MI. Quid istic? dabitur quandoquidem hic volt. AE. Gaudeo.
DE. Nunc mihi germanu's pariter animo et corpore.
Suo sibi gladio hunc iugulo.

SCENA IX.

SYRVS. DEMEA. MICIO. AESCHINVS.

SY. Factumst quod iussisti, Demea.
DE. Frugi homo's. ergo edepol hodie mea quidem sententia
Iudico Syrum fieri esse aequom liberum. MI. Istunc liberum?
Quod nam ob factum? DE. Multa. SY. O noster Demea, edepol vir bonu's:
Ego istos vobis usque a pueris curavi ambos sedulo;
Docui, monui, bene praecepi semper quae potui omnia.
DE. Res apparet: et quidem porro haec, obsonare cum fide,
Cyathos sorbere et adparare de die convivium:
Non mediocris hominis haec sunt officia. SY. O lepidum caput.
DE. Postremo hodie in virgine hac emunda hic adiutor fuit,
Hic curavit: prodesse aequomst: alii meliores erunt:
Denique hic volt fieri. MI. Vin tu hoc fieri? AE. Cupio. MI. Si quidem

Which you so lately and so wisely quoted;
"It is the common failing of old men·
To be too much intent on worldly matters."
Let us wipe off that stain. The saying's true,
And should be practised. *Micio.* Well, well: be it so,
If he requires it [*pointing to Æsch.*] *Æsch.* I beseech it, father.
Dem. Now you're indeed my brother, soul and body.
Micio. I'm glad to find you think me so. *Dem.* I foil him
At his own weapons. [*aside.*

SCENE IX.

To them SYRUS.

Syrus. I have executed
Your orders, Demea. *Dem.* A good fellow!——Truly
Syrus, I think, should be made free to-day.
Micio. Made free! Eh!——Wherefore? *Dem.* Oh, for many reasons.
Syrus. O Demea, you're a noble gentleman,
I've taken care of both your sons from boys;
Taught them, instructed them, and given them
The wholesomest advice that I was able.
Dem. The thing's apparent: and these offices
To cater, yet not steal, swill liquor too;
—Or in mid-day prepare an entertainment;
—All these are talents of no common man.
Syrus. O most delightful gentleman! *Dem.* Besides,
He has been instrumental too this day
In purchasing the music-girl. He manag'd
The whole affair. We should reward him for it.
It will encourage others.—In a word,
Your Æschinus would have it so. *Micio.* Do you
Desire it? *Æsch.* Yes, sir. *Micio.* Well if you desire it——

Tu vis, Syre, eho accede huc ad me : liber esto. SY. Bene facis :
Omnibus gratiam habeo, et seorsum tibi praeterea, Demea.
DE. Gaudeo. AE. Et ego. SY. Credo : utinam hoc perpetuom fiat gaudium,
Phrygiam ut uxorem meam una mecum videam liberam.
DE. Optumam quidem mulierem. SY. Et quidem tuo nepoti huius filio
Hodie prima mammam dedit haec. DE. Hercle vero serio,
Siquidem prima dedit, haud dubiumst quin emitti aequom siet.
MI. Ob eam rem ? DE. Ob eam : postremo a me argentum quantist sumito.
SY. Di tibi, Demea, omnia omnes semper optata offerant.
MI. Syre, processisti hodie pulchre. DE. Siquidem porro, Micio,
Tu tuom officium facies, atque huic aliquid paulum prae manu
Dederis, unde utatur : reddet tibi cito. MI. Istoc vilius.
AE. Frugi homost. SY. Reddam hercle, da modo. AE. Age, pater. MI. Post consulam.
DE. Faciet. SY. O vir optume. AE. O pater mi festivissume.
MI. Quid istuc ? quae res tam repente mores mutavit tuos ?
Quod prolubium ? quae istaec subitast largitas ? DE. Dicam tibi :
Vt id ostenderem, quod te isti facilem et festivom putant,
Id non fieri ex vera vita neque adeo ex aequo et bono,
Sed ex adsentando indulgendo et largiendo, Micio.
Nunc adeo si ob eam rem vobis mea vita invisa, Aeschine, est,
Quia non iusta iniusta prorsus omnia omnino obsequor,
Missa facio : effundite, emite, facite quod vobis lubet.
Sed si id voltis potius, quae vos propter adulescentiam

Come hither, Syrus!—Be thou free! *Syrus.* I thank you:
[SYRUS *kneels:* MICIO *strikes him, being the ceremony of manumission.*]
Thanks to you all! but most of all, to Demea!
Dem. I'm glad of your good fortune. *Æsch.* So am I.
Syrus. I do believe it; and I wish this joy
Were quite complete, and I might see my wife,
My Phrygia too, made free as well as I.
Dem. The very best of women! *Syrus.* And the first
That suckled my young master's son, your grandson.
Dem. Indeed! the first who suckled him!—Nay then
Beyond all doubt she should be free. *Micio.* For what?
Dem. For that. Nay take the sum, whate'er it be,
Of me. *Syrus.* Now all the powers above grant all
Your wishes, Demea! *Micio.* You have thriv'd to-day
Most rarely, Syrus. *Dem.* And besides this, Micio,
It would be handsome to advance him something
To try his fortune with. He'll soon return it.
Micio. Not that [*snapping his fingers*]. *Æsch.* He's honest. *Syrus.* Faith, I will return it.
Do but advance it. *Æsch.* Do, sir! *Micio.* Well, I'll think on't.
Dem. I'll see that he shall do't [*to Syrus*]. *Syrus.* Thou best of men!
Æsch. My most indulgent father! *Micio.* What means this?
Whence comes this hasty change of manners, brother?
Whence flows all this extravagance? and whence
This sudden prodigality? *Dem.* I'll tell you:
To shew you, that the reason why our sons
Think you so pleasant and agreeable,
Is not from your deserts, or truth, or justice,
But your compliance, bounty, and indulgence.
—Now, therefore, if I'm odious to you, son,
Because I'm not subservient to your humour,
In all things, right or wrong: away with care!
Spend, squander, and do what you will!—but if,
In those affairs where youth has made you blind,

Minus videtis, magis inpense cupitis, consulitis parum,
Haec reprendere et corrigere et obsecundare in loco:
Ecce me, qui id faciam vobis. AE. Tibi, pater, permittimus:
Plus scis quid facto opus est. sed de fratre quid fiet? DE. Sino
Habeat: in istac finem faciat. MI. Istuc recte. CANTOR.
Plaudite.

FINIS

Eager, and thoughtless, you will suffer me
To counsel and correct—and in due season
Indulge you—I am at your service. *Æsch.* Father,
In all things we submit ourselves to you.
What's fit and proper, you know best.—But what
Shall come of my poor brother? *Dem.* I consent
That he shall have her: let him finish there.
Micio. All now is as it should be.—[*to the audience*] Clap your hands.

THE END

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